

MANCHESTER
AL
MONDO.

Contemplatio Mortis,
ET *Immortalitatis*
IMMORTALITATIS.

A
CONTEMPLATION
OF
Death and Immortality.

With some addition concerning the late
dreadful Fire in the City of London.

LONDON,

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Contemplatio Mortis,
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Philosophers, Statesmen, and Divines, do all hold, that in this world there are but tria genera vita; Una est activa, altera contemplativa, tertia voluptuaria; three kinds of life; one is active, the other contemplative, the third voluptuous.

Which of these is best, *Quaritur*, is the Question. *Actio contemplationis expers, est vita impolita.* Action void of contemplation is an unpolish'd or rude life: Contemplation, if it take up all a mans time, makes *vitam sterilem*, a barren life.

Voluptuaria vita, a voluptuous life, though it be not *otiosa*, idle, because it

is an act, *actu*, yet it is but *desidiosa occupatio*, an idle occupation.

Amongst these who so tries all, as I have done, shall find, that Action profits most, but Contemplation pleases best: especially that which indebted a man to action. Other Contemplations have *generationem longam*, *fruitionem brevem*, a long generation, a short enjoyment; are so much in thinking, as they seldom come to enjoying; always in conceit, never in act.

When Christ was to suffer, *Misit Christus Petrum ac Johannem ad parandum Pascha. Petrus bonam actionem*, *Johannes devotam significat Contemplationem*; he sent Peter and John to prepare the Passover: By the first, good Action may be conceived; by the other, devout Contemplation.

Man was not made for Contemplation only; his part is to do, as well as to understand; in earthly things to be an Actor, of heavenly things to be a Spectator. Therefore his felicity consists neither in rest or action, but in a mixture of both.

Some use Contemplation for a Remedy, it seeming to make their mind
ascend

ascend, when their fortunes descend.

The Counsellor saith, A Statesman should be thus repartited: his will to God, his love to his Master, his heart to his Countrey, his secret to his friend, and his time to business.

It is true, retiredness is more safe than business; *Periclitatur enim anima in negotiis*, for the soul is endangered by many employments: And yet the less you do, the more you suffer. But as he is not happy that is always busie, so a publick man should not always be shut up in thoughts, pleasing his life in the sweetness of thinking. Finely saith St. *Augustine*, *Lectio sine meditatione arida est: Meditatio sine lectione erronea est: Oratio sine meditatione cepida est*. Reading without meditation is dry; meditation without reading erroneous, and prayer also without meditation but cold.

True Contemplation hates idle Speculation. To be always, or never alone is idleness. But

The delights of thoughts, and vertue of Contemplation, lies in the right choice of a good subject to contemplate: For every knowing man is

so inquisitive by nature, and of so busie a fancie, as in this it is happy for him to fall upon that subject which is fittest for him.

Some antient Fathers, and some late Writers have fixed upon the love of God; Some upon the passion of Christ; Some upon the joys of Heaven: some upon contempt of the world; several others upon divers other subjects: All opening, that some one is to be chosen. For who so will *vivere sibi*, live to himself, must *vacare Deo*, be at leisure for God. And a wise man saith, *Sapientia scribenda est in tempore otii: Qui minoratur actu, &c.* Wisdom is to be written in a time of delay: Whosoever is lessened by work; He cannot tend it.

Ego in meo solito recessu à negotiis publicis vacans, I being in my accustomed retiredness, disengaged from publick affairs, (which was but seldom,) found it fruitful, useful, and delightful, *cogitare de novissimo*, to bestow my thoughts upon my latter end.

Quatuor sunt Novissima, There be four last things, say the Fathers; Heaven and Hell, Death and Judgement.

All

All Subjects large enough.

But considering I had passed so much employment, so many offices, so long practise in several professions (as every publick man is owing his abilities, cares, and years to the service of his Master;) I now thought it time to seize on Death, before it seized on me. *Lord teach me to number my Days that I may apply my Heart to Wisdom.*

After long Meditation this I found, that when Meditation had begotten Devotion, then it applied it self to Contemplation, which required a settlement upon some Divine object.

And whar more heavenly than the thought of Immortality? What so necessary as the thought of Death? Herein therefore I complied with my own desires, and made choice of Death and Immortality for the Subject of my Contemplation.

Meditation, I saw, was but a reiterated thought, proper to production of good or evil; but Divines do well dedicate Contemplation to holy Mysteries only.

We meditate to know God, we contemplate to love God; when God himself had seen the things created in

several pieces, he said, They were good.

But when he considered the Universe, as it were in Contemplation, then he said, Lo, they were exceeding good. For Meditation considers her objects piece by piece, but Contemplation sums them all together: and sets, as in a glass, all the several beauties of Meditation's Objects.

Meditation is with a man, as he that smells the Violet, the Rose, the Jessamie, and the Orange flowers dividually: (My Meditations of the Lord are sweet of themselves, saith *David*;) but Contemplation is a water compounded of them all.

This is more elegantly denoted in the *Canticles*: where the Spouse plaits up her hair, trussing it up in one knot, to shew that we should not diffuse our thoughts into variety of considerations, but recollect them into one by Contemplation. Herewith a mans soul being once affected, hardly shall he obtain leave of his thoughts to return again to employments.

Et ne ego multis occupatus, mihi met ipsi manerem incognitus: And lest I, busied about many things, should re-

main

main unknown to my self; (for the old word is a true one, *Nil profunt lecta nec intellecta: nisi te ipsum legas & intelligas*: Neither things read, or understood, profit him at all who does not both read and know himself:)

I therefore applyed my self *ad meum novissimum*, to my last thing, *What man liveth and shall not see death?* And if after death, the righteous shall scarcely be saved, we may well be fearful, and had need be careful, that we be not taken unprepared.

Ita imparati in paratum, Go ye unprepared into the place prepared for you, will one day be a doleful saying.

When I was a young man, (saith *Seneca*) my care was to live well, I then practised *Artem bene vivendi*, the art of well-living. When age came upon me, I then studied *Artem bene moriendi*, the art of dying well; how to die well.

It is true, *Iter vita occupatis non apparet nisi in fine*, The journey of life appears not to busie men unto the end. Yet when I was *occupatissimus*, *hoc me dulci oblectabam solatio, Aliquando me victurum mihi*, most busie of

all, I delighted my self with this comfort, that a time would come wherein I might live to my self, hoping to have sweet leisure to enjoy my self at last.

And this I am now come to, *Disponendo, non mutando me*; by disposing, not by changing my self.

The covenant of the grave is shewed to no man, saith the Wise man; but the watch-word is given to all men.

Let your loins be girt up, your lamps burning, always watching.

Lord, let me be found in this posture, when I shall be to die.

In the course of my life I have had interchanges: the World it self stands upon vicissitudes: *Adversis & prosperis contexnit Deus vitam meam*: God hath interwoven my life with adversity and prosperity. When I first took me to a Gown, I put on this thought; *fortunam ut togam appeto, non longam, sed concinnam*: I desire a fortune like my Gown, not long, but fit; fit for my condition: finding by others that a contented kind of obscurity keeps a man free from envy. Although any kind of superiority be a mark of Envy; yet not to be so high, as to provoke an

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ill eye, not so low as to be trodden-on, was the height of my ambition. But I must confeis, I have since had a greater portion of the worlds favour, than I looked for : *Attamen ego nunquam Fortuna credidit, etiamsi videretur pacem agere* ; nevertheless I never gave trust to Fortune, although she seemed to be at peace with me.

To check repining at those above me, I always looked at those below me; nor did any preferments so delight me, or abuse me, as to make me neglect preparing for my dying day.

And now I think God, I can say,

Domine, paratum est cor meum ; O Lord, my heart is ready.

This I have considered, That *Guttatim per horas & dies fluit vita* ; Life flows away by hours and days, as it were by drops. And although the hour be not past till all the glass be run:

Et nemo multum ex Stillicidio potest perdere ; And no man can spill much by such a distillation :

Yet the glass then runs most faintly, when it draws neereſt to effluſion. Careful *Martha* was full buſie about many things: but was well
advised

advised by Christ; I, here was only, *unum necessarium*, one thing necessary.

*One thing have I desired of the Lord,
That I may dwell in his house for ever.*

This was David's *unum*, his one thing, and, God willing, shall be mine.

Physitians exclaim, *Vita brevis, Ars longa*; That life is short, but Art is long; but Divines teach, *Ars optima est, vivendo discere artem bene moriendi*, that the best Art is to learn by living the Art of well dying.

If this be to be begun when *præforibus mors est*, death is at the door, Then the sin-sick Soul will say, *O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?* But if thou hast learned it betimes, it will then rejoyce thee to say,

Mihi vivere Christus est, & mori lucrum; To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.

• Welcome Death, more blessed than my Birth.

In the whole course of my life I have ever thought the right way to die well, was to live well; And the way to live well in the World, was to die betimes to the World.

Mihi

Mihi Mundus Crucifixus, & ego Mundo; The World is crucified to me, and I unto the World; yet I found it, *rem difficilem in mundo vivere, & mundi bona continere*, an hard matter to live in the World and despise the Worlds good things. Therefore for assistants I took to me these three Co-adjutors, *Faith, Hope, Charity; Charitatem ex Corde puro, Spem ex conscientia bona, Fidem non fictam*: Love out of a pure heart, Hope out of a good conscience, and Faith not feigned; and for my souls health often used this preparative,

Examen conscientiae meae, The examination of my conscience.

Nam quicumque cordi habet salutem suam, For whosoever desireth his own salvation, let him every day, *mane & vesperi*, morning and evening, examine his heart *quid nocte vel die precedente*, what either in the night or day going before, Hath he thought, hath he said, hath he done; *Et in quo peccati labem invenerit*, and in whatsoever he shall find the spot of any sin, let him mend it; *cum proposito efficaci, simili non peccare*; with an effectual purpose to sin no more. This

This, if it be done daily, I dare boldly say, *Vix fieri poterit, ut quis moriendo peccet, aut peccando moriatur*; it shall hardly be, that such an one shall either sin at his death, or die in sin.

Inter, Amidst these thoughts, I had these things in Contemplation.

1. First, what Death was, and the kinds of 'Death.

2. Secondly, what fears or joyes Death brings.

3. Thirdly, when Death is to be prepared for, and how.

4. Fourthly, Death approaching, what our last thoughts should be.

Of these things I thus resolved.

THat Death was but a fall, which came by a fall. Our first framed father *Adam* falling, in him we all fell. It was not the man, but mankind. *Cecidimus omnes*, saith Saint Bernard, *super acerbum lapidem in luto, unde inquinati & vulnerati sumus*; We all fell upon a sharp stone covered with dirt, by which we were both wounded and defiled; Therefore we needed water in Baptism to wash us, Blood in

in the Eucharist to heal us; water of Regeneration in blood of expiation. Natures perfection caught a fall when she was young, as *Mephibosheth* did, whereof she hath halted ever since.

This falling-sickness infected not only the person, but the nature (such is the infection of evil, always worse than the act) making man that was immortal subject to death.

Hentristis & lachrymosa mutatio!
Ah sad and woful change!

Notwithstanding, as we now stand, the fault is ours, if that fall be not our rise; the advantage we have by *Christ*, being more than the loss we had by *Adam*: Redemption imports emption, and a buying back of that which he had lost. Wherefore, Man that had cause to sorrow that he was man, may now be holily proud of his condition: and, as he is in *Christ*, not to change the Man for the Angel.

Proud Nature would fain re-aspire to that it was, *Ideo qui stat videat ne cadat*; Therefore, let him that standeth take heed lest he fall: for relapse may turn us again to be as Birds and Beasts, who have no joy but being, no
sorrow

sorrow but dying. Mans better being is by dying, for when man had made himself miserable by sinning, Mercy made us mortal, *Ne in aeternum essemus miseri*; lest we should be miserable for ever. Therefore we have reason to account mercy, as it relieves misery, to be the best vertue, though it work upon the worst object.

Misericordia vicina est miseria, Mercy dwells nigh to Misery.

There is mercy with thee, O Lord, that thou mayest be feared, saith the Prophet David.

What Death is, and the Kinds of Death.

TO die is to be no more unhappy. If we consider Death aright, *It is but a departed breath from dead earth, enlivened at first by breath cast upon it. Mors tineae est*, Death is a Moth, saith Job, *ex veste oritur Tinea, ex corpore mors*, the moth breeds out of the garment, Death out of the Body.

It is but a point of time interjected between two extremes. A Parenthesis, which (interposed) breaks no sense, when

when the words meet again. When *Seneca* was asked, *Quid est Mors?* What is Death? he answered, *Aut finis est, aut transitus;* 'Tis either the end or the passage; to die or to sin is not power but impotency. The Emperour *Adrian* was told, *Mors est æternus somnus, divitum pavor, pauperem desiderium;* Death is an eternal sleep, the fear of rich men, the desire of poor men. *Plato* said it was *Lex naturæ, tributum mortalium;* Natures Law, Mortalities tribute. One terms it to be but the cessation of the souls functions. O, saith Saint *Augustine*, *that I could see Death,* not as it was, but as thou, Lord, hast now made it! As it hath the dominion of sin, it is the greatest Monarch, and the antientest King of the World: *Death hath reigned from Adam to Moses,* saith *St. Paul*, yet at last this King shall be conquered; *The last Enemy to be destroyed is Death.* O *Death, I will be thy death,* saith *Christ.*

The Nature of Death.

WHat is the Nature of it, few know, though all shall feel it.
But

But that must needs be nothing that hath no cause efficient, but deficient; *Post mortem nihil est, ipsaque mors nihil*; There is nothing after death, and death it self is nothing too. It hath no essence, it is no substance, but privation; no creatures but *creaturarum sepultura*, the burial of the creatures; therefore curiously to search the efficient of it, were to labour the eye to see darkness: *God made it not*, saith the Book of *Wisdom*, nor is it mentioned as any of his Works. *God* that made all things, saw that all things which he had made were good; *Omnis bonum, & omne bonum est ens*; every thing that hath being is good, and so every good thing hath a being. Therefore good Saint *Augustine* said finely, *Lord, thou hast not made Death, wherefore I beseech thee suffer not that which thou hast not made, to reign over that which thou hast made.* Yet it is no error to say, that Man made Death for Curiosity (the itch of Mans soul) affecting to know that which God never made (which was the evil of Death) thinking it had been good to know evil; by desiring to know it made

made it: *Malum non dignoscitur nisi per bonum*, Evil is not known, but by good.

Natural death is the separation of the Soul from the Body, common unto the good with the bad: for it is a statute law decreed in the great Parliament of Heaven, *That all men shall once die, forasmuch as all men have sinned*. Hence it is that many are sick and weak, and die. All men, even the dearest Children of God (albeit their sins be forgiven) shall taste of the first Death, but it is not a curse, but rather a blessing unto them. It is true, that death in it self (and to the reprobate wicked,) is the curse of God, the very Suburbs of Hell, and, as it is called here, the Stipend of Sin. Neither is it unjust dealing in God, that he should incur the death of his body, who rejected the life of his Soul. But considered in Christ, and joyned with a good life, to Gods elect it is advantage: nothing else but a Bridge whereby we shall pass from a Valley of Tears into a Paradise of Joyes. According to that of Solomon, *Eccles. 7. 3. The day of Death is better than the day that one is born.* He

He that knew all other things, knew not this one thing, That he knew enough. But so divine a thing is Knowledge, (which is not given to keep, but to impart) that we see Innocency it self was Ambitious of it.

Life did not content (that was thought but the act of knowledge) knowledge was the life the Soul looked at. And that, as yet, begets a studious scrutiny to discover things we can never know. By which we see, that although Nature her self be moderate in her desires, yet conceit is unsatiable, Mans brain will never leave working, till his pulse cease beating; nevertheless no Man knows so much, but it is through ignorance that he doth so ill, *nam nemo sciens malus*? for no man that understands can be evil: and, as one saith well, There is now no fear of knowing too much: But there is much fear of practising too little. Man is the son of desires; but since God hath revealed more than we can know, enough to make us happy; let us learn sober knowledge, and contented ignorance. Knowledge and Power are the natural mans god; but know

know thy self, O man ! and then be
proud if thou canst.

The Authour of Death.

WHo then was the Authour of
death? *Sol in cælo, Sal in ter-
ra*; the Sun in Heaven, Salt in the
earth; the two great Regents, one in
Heaven, the other on Earth; yet
neither of these produced it. Who
ever was the father of it, Sin was the
Mother; for saith Saint James, *Sin
being finished, travelleth in Child-
birth* like a Mother, to bring forth
Death; Our Grand-mother *Evah*, so
named as Mother of the living, yet
was brought to bed of *Death*. *Adam*
falling, sin follows him. Man being
tempted, Death attempts him, and by
Sin Death enters. Every Father is
an *Adam* to his Child, conveying
corruption in his generation.

Good Saint *Augustine* puts the De-
vil this question; *Satan quare invidisti
homini stanti, te cadente?* O Satan!
Why, being fallen thy self. didst thou
envy Man that he should stand? Death
had

had no interest in Man till Sin had dispossessed him of the free-hold he had in God. *There was no trust in Gods servants*, saith *Eliphaz*, but even Angels were charged with folly.

Therefore do the Devil right: he did but perswade, not compel: it was in Mans choice to stand or fall.

Adam acceperat, posse quod veller, non velle quod posset; Nos accepimus & posse quod volumus, & velle quod possumus. Ille posse non mori, nos non posse non mori. Sic Augustinus. Adam had received a power to do what he would, but not a will to do what he might; we have received both power to do what we will, and to will what we are able. He a power not to die, we a power not but to die. So *St. Augustine*.

Power of standing, Man had from God; but possibility of falling, from himself. Therefore, though we may thank our first Parents for our birth-Sin; yet we may thank out selves for improving it. Wherefore the old *Le-tanie* said well, *A me salva me Domine; O Lord, save me from my self*.

All Man's vertues were given him
but

but in trust, and under a condition; he abused the trust, and brake the condition, so incurred the penalty. Such is Mans nature, ever subject to extremity, either dull in want, or wanton in fruition. *Ne moriamini*, lest ye die, was a fair warning, but he cared not for it. With Men, counsels are like faces; that which is fair, pleases. But had the Mind governed the Eye, the Apple could not have beguiled, though it was fair to look to. The proud aspiring thought was hatcht in man. The Devil was the promoter, Sin was the author, and we being partners in the sin, shared in the punishment, *Facinus quos inquinat, aequat*; Sin equals all whom it polluteth.

Sith then Death by Sin stole in at the window; (for the Eye, that sense of love, always recoils upon the heart, when it beholds that which is pleasing) or rather at the ear, which is apt to listen to all ill counsel.

Let us cast out Sin by the ears, the sense of Faith, in hearkning to Gods Word, the Word of life, the life of Death.

The Name of Death.

FOr the name of Death, St. John calls it a sleep, *Amicus noster Lazarus dormit*, Our friend Lazarus sleepeth. Of Saint Stephen it was said, *When he had thus spoken, he slept*. The Patriarchs and Kings of Judah, are said to sleep with their Fathers. Man, saith Job, lieth down and riseth not. He shall not be awaked out of his sleep, till the Heavens be no more; *Transitum ad vitam aliqui appellant mortem*, some call the passages to life, death, saith St. Bernard: *Sed idem Scriptura dormientes appellat, ut evigilatuos minimè desperemus*: But therefore does Scripture call them Men asleep, that they may not despair to awake: *He is not dead*, saith David, *but sleepeth*, whose flesh doth rest in hope.

Death is but a dormitory for a day. Saint Paul's mystery is, *We shall not all sleep; but we shall all be changed*. The night savours of mortality and sleep: that *Mors brevis*, short death is but the shadow of death; and where

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the shadow is, the body cannot be far off; *Umbra fugit sequentem, sequitur fugientem.* *Acquiratur terra procumbentibus:* The shadow flies him that follows it, follows him that flies it. The Earth is obtained by them that fall down upon it.

Well said Saint Augustine, *In vita uigilant iusti, ideo in morte dicuntur dormire.* The righteous watch in life, therefore they are said to sleep in death.

When God made a helper unto Man, He sent a sleep upon him. *Somnium agrotantium, ut novimus, salutis est indicium:* The sleep of the sick, we know is a sign of health. It is Christs saying, *If he sleep, he shall do well.*

But, let it be *Mors à morfu,* death from devouring, which our first Parents tasted, or *Mors à mora,* Death from delay, which yet carries for us all; Let her be styled Lady, Mistress of the World, that will not be courted, nor yet cast off: Yet is she but *vox cantum,* a voice only, a thing next to nothing, *sola timenda sonus,* to be feared only for the sound.

Better it is called a transfiguration;

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or

or transmigration from life, by death to life again; *Exitus non transitus: transitus quem ire non intelleximus, transisse sentimus.* A departure, not a passage: or a passage which we feel gone, but not going.

The Grave is but a withdrawing room, to retire in for a while, a going to bed to take rest, sweeter than sleep. And when it is time to rise. *Cum exurgiscar, When I awake, Then shall I be satisfied,* saith the Prophet David.

Death common to all.

IN the mean time it is common to all. *Mors etiam saxis nominibusque venit,* Death seizeth upon even stones themselves and names. All Men must pay this debt to Nature, though they cannot pay their Creditours; and it is a favour afforded by Nature, *Quod gravissimum fecit, sit commune; ut crudelitatem fati celsotaretur aequalitas,* that what she hath made most grievous, she hath made common; that the equality of Fate might comfort the cruelty of it.

the first minute of thy life thou wert condemned to die, ever since thou hast been led towards thy execution, thou art not far from the place, say to thy self, Arise out of thy bed of sloth, and watch over thy self; look on the Pale Horse, and her that sits thereon, whose name is Death. Provide that thou be not suddenly surpris'd, and die before thou begin'st to live. *Who lives, and shall not see death?* only Vertue stands exempt from death.

The Fathers have eaten Manna, and are dead; Nay, even Christ himself, being found in fashion as a Man, humbled himself, and became obedient to death. It is as natural to die, as to be born; yet when we say a Man dies naturally, we speak improperly; for a Man dies not as a beast, *per annihilationem Nature, sed per statutum*, by an annihilation of Nature, but by a law: not by chance, course of nature, nor influence of Stars, but then and therefore because it is so appointed, *Statutum est omnibus semel mori*: It is appointed for all once to die. Disease and Death know no faces; in the Grave all look alike; *Lazarus's* sores will make

as good dust as Jezabel's paint. It is the municipal law of the Earth to die once; of Heaven, to live for ever; of Hell, to die for ever. *Orimur, morimur*, we are born, we die. Like Jona's Gourd, we come in a night, and are gone in a night; we come into the World with a sheet about us, no sooner born, but going to be buried. Seneca says truly, We are born crying, we live laughing, and die sighing. Death unto the Man of this World is most bitter, but unto the Man of God it is advantage; wherefore the Martyrs and holy Confessors in old time reputed the day of their Death, their Birth-day; *Blessed is the hour of our death, even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their Labours, and their Works follow them.*

For all this, Man is even with Death, *Nunquam enim magnis ingeniis chara in corpore mora est*: To stay in the body is never desired by any great wits; The good soul *agrè fert has angustias*, endures these straits with trouble. Therefore what great thing doth Death in hastening days? This shews infirmity, rather than power. Age doth more, *Nil enim*

non longa demolitur vetulas, For there is nothing which length of time does not demolish. Death only shortens time, not life, for life's time shortens by lengthning: *Morimur, quod mortibus, vivimus: morieris, non quia aegrotas, sed quia vivis*; We die because we live by dying: and thou shalt die, not because thou art sick, but because thou livest.

But this all men are to know,
That *Mortis meritum est peccati debitum*, The merit of death is the debt of sin, both imposed on Man for sin.

Life but a dying Death.

Sith then it is a Statute made in Heaven, *Omnibus semel mori*, For all once to die, and that life is so momentany, death so certain, *Splendemus licet, Heu quam cito frangimur, corpora vitrea!* Shine we never so bright, yet alas, glassy bodies, how quickly are we broken! Man, saith the Prophet *Jeremy*, fades like a leaf, and sin like a wind takes him away. Be the time of Man's reprieve never so

long, die he must. And since life itself is no true living, but a dying-Being, and such a being, as every day pants for breath, which Nature fans upon it for a while; And since death is no death, but a going unto Heaven, and Heavens coming unto us, *abitus non obitus*, a departure, not a death: How can a man but think it a well-spent life, always to be meditating upon Death?

But, saith *Xenophon*, *Cur vitam contemnendam putas & habes?* Why dost thou think life is to be contemned, and yet lovest life? I will not enquire, nor require, more of Death but Death. *Erras enim qui interrogas, Quid sit mors? & Propter quam mortem petam? Quaris enim aliquod supra summum:* Thou art deceived that askest, What is Death, and what am I to desire Death? For thou seekest something beyond the furthest.

This I am sure of, all Man's happiness here, is his holiness, and his holiness shall hereafter be his happiness.

O Father of mercy! which art willing all men should be saved; exclude me not. I beseech thee, from thy Love and Favour, but ever guide me with thy Spirit.

rit in thy ways unto thy Kingdom, that
I may Shun daily more and more pride
of life, lust of the flesh, immoderate cares.
Lord, I am poor in merit; but thou art
rich in mercy; feeble, but thou art my
Strength; halt, but thou canst direct my
steps, make me to tread in thy paths
uprightly; blind, but thou art the light
of the World: Sweet Jesu draw me, that
I may come unto thee, and run after
thee, that I may taste in this life thy
Grace, and be filled in the next with thy
Glory, Amen.

Life after Death.

BUt if a Man die, shall he live a-
gain? Yes, saith Saint Paul, We
that are in this Tabernacle, sigh and
are burthened, because we would not be
unclothed, but clothed upon, that mor-
tality might be swallowed up of life.

—Phoenix sponte crematur,

ut redeat; propriôq; solet pubescere let ho.

Sic tu corpus coactus.

Discere musata melior procede figura.

— The Phoenix freely burns,
And by her own death to new youth returns
So do thou learn unforced to resign (shine)
Thy body, whose chang'd shape shall brighten

The brightest dayes die into dark
nights, but rise again a morning.
Though the body sleep a while in dust,
yet shall it rise again after thy likeness.
As for me, saith David, I will behold
thy face in righteousness; and I shall
be satisfied when I awake with thy like-
ness. And thus saith holy Job, Though
my flesh be all consumed to bones, yet thy
Spirit blowing on dead bones can revive
them, and couple them again with fi-
news, and cloath them with flesh. The
soul which departed for a season, shall,
as Saint Paul said of Onesimus, come
again, and be received for ever. The
Grain cast into the Earth, after a froli-
biting, comes up the fairer. That
body which was sown a natural body,
shall rise a spiritual. Sow in tears,
reap in joy. Whoso goeth forth weeping,
carrying precious seed, shall return
with joy, and bring their sheaves with
them.

Thus we see God will be in no
Mans debt: Seek God, and prosper.

Here

Here we live but a short day, Give us this day our daily bread; but hereafter in the World to come, we shall have days, and those good days and great dayes, even such as shall have no night.

Yet for all this, *Caro ista pulveri erit.* This clod of Earth must lie a while in dust, *Sed resurget tandem,* but it shall rise again at last; as a *Queens daughter*, all glorious within. For if in this life holiness maketh the face of a man to shine, by an irradiation from the heart; what shall be the beauty of the body glorified? Surely, though it be not deified, yet shall it be purified, or perfected and immortalized. *Our vile bodies shall be changed, and fashioned like his glorious body. Such glory have all his Saints.*

If then the change be such, who would not be willing, yea glad to die? *All the days of mine appointed time, saith Job, I will watch till my changing shall come.*

Nil minus est hominis occupati, quam vivere; quos autem felicitas gravat, exclamant illi, mihi vivere non licet. A man of great business,

does nothing less than live: but those whom happiness afflicts, cry out, They are not afforded time for life. It is a good mind in a man, to be content to die, and willing to live: But to be willing to die, and content to live, is the mind of a strong Christian.

*Diligimus mortem pariter, pariterque timemus.
Ipse metus te nosse amat.*

At once we love, and yet we fear to die.
Our very fear loves thee, great Destinie.

Death desireable for three respects.

CHristus, non ignarus vel quam misera esset hac vita, vel quam optabilis pretiosa mors, vitam fastidiebat, mortem verò exoptabat: Christus Jesus, who was neither ignorant of the miseries of life, nor how desirable and precious death is, did loath life but greatly desired to die. When the Senator Cato was asked a question concerning Death, Si Deus (inquille) mihi largiatur, ut repuerascan valde recussem: nec me vixisse pœnit quia bene vixi, nec timeo mori quia et hospitio, non domo, discedam: Should

God

God, said he, grant me such a boon as to become young again, I should seriously refuse it; neither yet doth it trouble me to have lived, because I have lived well; nor do I fear to die, being to leave not my House by it, but my Inne.

Could we as innocently with our own death, as the Saints do the day of Judgement, we might safely desire it, (for who can blame the desire of advantage?) But ill circumstances viti-ate our desires; collateral respects to our own ease; as to be rid of troubles, freed of griefs, discontentments, and the like, these commonly beget such a wish in us. *Elias* himself was so impatient of discontents, as he sat him down under a Juniper tree, desiring that he might die, saying, *It is enough now, O Lord, take away my life; for I am no better than my Fathers.*

It is the saying of the *Preacher*, *Death is not to be sought in the errour of youth*; yet for some respects it may be desired.

Portus est aliquando petendus, nunquam recusandus. The Haven must be sought for sometimes, and so no time to be despised.

I. AS

1. As first, that so we may betimes leave off to sin; since sin lives in us, and leaves us not till death; *Dixit Socrates, Appropinquante morte, multo es divinior*: It was the saying of *Socrates*, When death approacheth thou growest more divine; *If the souls under the Altar cry, Usque quò, Domine* How long, O Lord? If they solicit for the day of Judgment, why not I see my day of Death, since Death's day is but the Eve of Gods day? *Zenon* said, I have no fear but of old age.

Secondly, the soul that soon departs, *facilius ad superos iter facit, quia minus facis ponderisque traxit*, dispatcheth her journey to Heaven with more ease, because she hath contracted less dregs and pressure. And what's the distance 'twixt life and death? So little; as with the Antients, the Emblem of life was *oculus apertus*; *Mortis, clausus, non extinctus*: *ne plus interesse putaverunt inter mortem & vitam, quàm ictum oculi*, an open eye; of death, a shut one, but not extinct: nor did they imagine any more difference betwixt death and life, than a poor twinkling of the eye is to sight.

Man

Man is only a wink of life, his life and death joyned as near as joy and grief; where tears (the timbeck of the heart) express both.

3. Thirdly, that so we might the sooner come to live indeed, be in *Paradis*, in our country, where now we are but in *via*, in the way to it. Present life is not *vita*, *sed via ad vitam*, not life, but the way to life. For which cause saith St. Bernard, *precipitat quisque vitam suam; futuri desiderio laborat, presentium tedio*: Every man throws his life headlong from him, labouring with a desire after the future, and weary of the present. For when we cease to be Men, we begin to be as Angels.

Yet it is a wonder to see how we love the present, and less esteem the future!

Men do commonly say, There is *Nullum tempus præter Nunc*, no time but the Now, the present; let that be true in Time, yet it holds not in Divinity; for Man must chiefly mind his soul. The present is not that which contents the soul; *Nimis angustat gaudia, qui presentibus acquiescit*:

He

He too narrowly pincheth his own joys, that resteth satisfied with what is present. They are only creatures of inferiour nature, that are pleased with the present. Man is a future creature, the eye of his soul looks beyond this life, *Scrutatur quid ultra mundum. Futura & praeeterita illum delectant. Haec expectatione, Illa recordatione.* He pries after something beyond the World: future and past things both delight him; the former by their expectation, the other by remembrance.

Who so feels not a desire in his soul of something beyond this life, is not settled in the point of immortality of the soul: for in every supernatural Man there is imprinted an undeterminable desire of more than present life can yield: Therefore we do not determine our contentment in things present, but expect future things more, and greater here than we are capable of, *Speranti grandia, mediocria sunt ingrata*; To one that hopes after great things, mean ones are unpleasant. All things tend to their centre, the stones tossed from the earth borrow wings to their weighty nature to descend beneath

neath where they have their look: Rivers are touched with amorous curiosity to re-visit their mother the Sea: the pyramidal *Flames* of fire witness they burn but with desire only of joyning themselves with their first beginning.

Heaven is our Centre, why should not we be ravished to be there to joyn as atomes to their unity, and as rays to the body of their light? To shew us the way from aloft, those torches of the night gallantly shew us their twinkling baits, they shine not to us, but to shew us the way of their Azure vaults, as being the only place of our repose.

The Souls excellency.

BUt what is this Soul, that so delibhts in futures? Though it be shapeless and immaterial, yet it would make a Man heavenly proud to contemplate of how divine a nature, quality and essence it is: Lift up thy eyes, O miserable Soul! Lift up thy dull and drowsie eyes: behold to what end thou wert created! And behold in what condition thou dost now abide, thou wert

were created to be the Spouse of Christ the temple of God, a Vessel of election, the throne of the true *Solomon*, even the rich and royal Seat of Wisdom. *Deificatur anima*, The soul is deified. If she be considered in her essentiality, *Secundum formam est Deus, secundum materiam est anima*, saith Saint Bernard, In her form she is a divine power, in her matter a soul. Her operative vertues unite her to God, all vertues else to her. Therefore saith Saint Ambrose, *Quam, pulchra es, O anima, peccata destruendo! Pulchrior, mundum contemplando! Pulcherrima, Deum amorose adhaerendo!* How beautiful art thou made, O my soul, by having sin abolished in thee! how more beautiful by contemplating this fair and glorious fabrick of the World! but most beautiful, by adhering through love unto God!

She partakes of the good which is in God, which the body doth not, but by participation with the soul.

Faciamus hominem ad similitudinem nostram, Let us make Man after our own likenes.

The body, though it have the ho-

nour

nour to be companion with the soul,
yet it is but her drudge; Christians say
of the soul, That's the Man: the bo-
dy is but the case. Heathens could
say, The soul was *divina particula au-*
ra, a part of divine breath. Some
will have it, a spirit mixt of fire and
air; Others, a self-moving number;
Seneca saith, *Quid aliud est anima,*
quam Deus in corpore humano hospi-
tans? What is the soul elie but a Deity
sojourning in Mans body. Never any
could give it such a definition, that
either another or himself could con-
ceive it. And no wonder, for it self
cannot conceive the own self-excel-
lency, because it suffered a composure
before it self was. *Trismegistus* saith,
The soul is the Horizon of time, in that
it is immortal. It was the life of
breath, that gave it the breath of life:
Therefore admiration rather than
search, becomes a man in such a se-
cret: yet so good is God to Man, that
wherein we cannot reach him, he
commonly descends to us. *Tully* said,
Mibi quidem nunquam persuaderi po-
tuit, animas, dum in corporibus essent
mortalibus, vivere, cum existerent, ita,
leol
emori:

emori : No man could ever persuade me, that our souls, whilest they are in these mortal bodies should live, and when they go forth thence, should die. Saint Bernard saith better, *Anima non exuit formam nativam, sed superinduat peregrinam; illa addita est, non perditur* : The soul doth not put off her native beauty, but puts on a new one; this is added, but that is not lost. And yet this spiritual essence of the soul may therefore clogged with an earthy body, that it should not grow proud, as those Angels did that fell.

Let me ever worship the great God in this little god my soul, *Et ne plus ultra* and then search no further. For this is an inquisition, fitter for Angelical intelligence, than Man's shallow capacity.

Only this I know, that to no creature else God hath given a reasonable soul. Of creatures, the lowest rank have no life; the next no sense, the third no reason; none but Man hath Grace, nor is there hope in any creature else but man, which hope is given him for the sustentation of his soul; *Anima enim non est instar Camelionis, ut pascatur vento*, for the

soul is not like the Camelion, to be fed with wind; it cannot be fed with fancies, nor all the favours of the World. She is *ita generosa*, so generous as nothing but that *summum bonum*, chief good, will satisfie her. St. *Austin* in a comparative betwixt things temporal and eternal, saith thus, We love things temporal before we have them, more than when we have them, because the soul when she hath them, cannot be satisfied with them: but things eternal when they are actually possessed, are more loved than when but desired; for neither faith could believe, nor hope expect so much as charity shall find when eternity comes in possession. There is no soul in the World, how happy soever it thinks it self here, but points its apprehensions beyond what he possesses here.

He that contemplates these things will bear himself too loftily, and think himself too good to look so low as to these sublunary things, he will despise *vilia terra*, base things of earth, as *ludibria mundi*, the laughing stocks of the World.

Augustus est animus quem terrena delectant,

delectant, That soul is too narrow that is pleased with things earthly; Man only admires *magnalia cæli*, the great things of Heaven.

How then can this beauty be pleased to inhabit long *contubernio isto*, in this pitiful lodging? *Bring my soul out of prison*, saith David, *that I might praise thee*.

Non sum ubi nunc sum, I am not where I am now, saith the soul.

As for the body, all it cares, is but sepulture: for although the carcase be insensible of any posture or position, yet honest sepulture is a blessing. That body which had the honour to be the Temple of such a guest as the Holy Ghost, deserves this favour.

But because many times the houses of the dead, and the urned bones do meet with foul hands, for this allowance Nature hath provided: *Ut disertè ait Mæcenus, Nec tumulum quero;*

sepelit natura relictas.

As *Mæcenus* speaks well.

———— I seek no Tomb,
Nature will give our bones a burying room.

It is one of the petitions of every good soul:

Adve-

Adveniat Regnum tuum, Thy Kingdom come, O Lord: yet, saith St. Augustine, Hoc nitimur & reluctamur, Quis non gemens, quis non recusans exit? quis cum accesserit, non tergivasatur, iacet, plorat? This is that we both strive for, and yet resist: who do's not go out groaning and grumbling for all this? who is it, that when death comes on, does not shrink back, and fear, and weep?

Man's cross Nature.

IN all things else observe how contrarily we carry our selves, The Labourer from his work hastens to his bed: The Mariner rows hard to gain the Port: The Traveller is glad when he is within kenning of his Inne; yet we, when death comes to put us in our Port, shun it as a Rock: we fear what we should wish, and wish that we should fear. *Abraham*, the Father of the Faithfull, at Gods command, left his Kindred and went into a strange Land; how willingly should we leave this Countrey, where we are only Strangers

Strangers and Pilgrims, and desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ, which is best of all, and to cast away from us every thing that hindereth us in our journey, that we may go lightly to our heavenly home.

O fortunatiorem Marcellum, tempore quo exilium suum Bruto approbavit, quam quo populo Romano. Consulatum, O Marcellus! more fortunatus then when thy exile was approved by Brutus, than thy Consulship by the people of Rome.

Man's better Choice.

Hear, O Christian! what the *Pagan* saith.

Quid ni non timeat qui mori sperat.
Why hath not he cause to fear, that yet hopes to die?

It is harder to make a true Philosopher patient of life, than of death.

Hic spe mortis patienter dolet,

Et radio doloris libentur moritur:

Hunc fert, illam expectat.

Sed expecta: mors tarde venit.

This man in hopes of death mourns quietly
And tir'd with grief as willingly would die.

Expecting death, he feels not under woe ;
For wait a little, death comes sure though slow.

The flesh is not a forrain Foe , but
an home-bred Enemy , fighting not as
a tall Souldier, but as a crafty Traytor,
rebelling against the Spirit ; it is a Da-
lila in Sampson's bosom , Judas in
Christ's company.

Therefore said Saint Paul , I am in
a strait betwixt two , whether to live in
the flesh were profitable for me ; and
which to choose I wot not. Yet at last
resolved , Live or die , Christ was
to him advantage. Woe is me , how
long have I stayed ; alas , how late do I
come , how slowly do I hasten , O my God ;
the Sun of my life hath passed his Me-
ridian , and I am now in the afternoon
of my age ; the night of Nature will
come soon upon me , when Death as Gods
Sergeant will arrest my Body upon debt
due to Nature , my Soul upon trespass
committed against God ; the one he will
bind hand and foot and commit close
prisoner to the Grave , the other he will
arraign in the high Court of Heaven ,
where God shall be both Party and Judge
to answer all Objections , as well of Ignorance as of Contempt.

There-

Therefore to be dooſed and to be with
Chriſt, was beſt of all.

Till then, God grant

That I may have *vitam in patientia*,
mortem vero in deſiderio; life as the
object of my patience, but death of
my deſire.

So ſhall I fulfill my courſe with joy
Life not dear, nor Death grievous.

Life and Death compared.

IN elder times, both wiſe Men, great
Men, and mean Men, had Death in
ſuch eſtimation, and ſo undervalued
Life, as they fondly ſaid, Had Man
been worthy to know what Life was
before he received it, he would have
been loath to accept it; *Nemo vitam*
acciperet, ſi daretur ſcientibus, No
Man would take life did he know what
is given him. Life would have kept
us in ſlavery, but that death freed us.
The Heathen gods held death to be
Maes *ſummuſ bonuſ*, chief good.
Therefore *Trophaniuſ*, when he had
built and dedicated that goodly Tem-
ple at *Delphoſ*, asked of *Apollo* for his

recom-

recompense, that thing which was best for man; the Oracle bade him go home, and within three dayes he should have it; within which time he dyed. They counted death but the retreat of life, *Optimum natura inventum*, the best discovery of nature: For by it every man might make himself happy, no man be longer miserable than he will; *Placetne vita? vive: non placet? licet eò reverti unde venisti*; Does life please thee? live still; Does it not please? thou mayest return thither, whence thou camest. They thought no state miserable, but that which death could not remedy: wherefore, say they, a wise man lives but so long as he should, not so long as he can.

If death were not in our power, we should desire it more than now we fear it. *Phocion* in *Athens* being condemned to dye, the Executioner refused to do his office, unless he had twelve *Drachmes* paid him in hand; *Phocion*, *ne mora fieret morti*, lest death should be put to attendance, borrowed it of a friend, and gave it him.

Quemadmodum Athenis, inquit, ne mori gratis licet: Magistra rerum

C

Ratio,

Ratio, &c. Even as at *Athens* (said he) men might not dye cheaply: Reason, the Mistrresse of all things, taught them, that common safety lay in death; and *In vitum qui servat, idem facit, occidenti*; And he that saves a man against his will, does no lesse than he that kills him. Life is subject to many misfortunes; *Sed in eo qui scit mori, nil potest fortuna*, But fortune cannot harm him that knows how to die. This made them cherish these desperate conceits, *Nil referre faciatne finem an recipiat*, That it made no matter whether a man caused his own end, or received it; thinking it bravery to use mischief for a remedy. Though life be not, yet death is at a mans command. *Mors nihil aliud est quam velle*, Death is no more but to be willing. In which respect no man could complain of life, *quia neminem tenet*, because it binds no man. If any man did complain, this was their wish:

*Mors utinam pavidos vita subducere
Sed virtus hanc sola daret.* (nolle)

Oh! that death would not life from
cowards take,
But that the prize of valour only make

In scorn some have said, *Egone exspectem, vel morbi crudelitatem, vel hominis; cum possem medio exire tormento, & adversa discentere?* What shall I wait, for either the cruelty of a disease, or of a man; when as I can in the height of my torment go off at my pleasure, and throw off all adversity? But their bravest conceit was worse, that it was *genus mortis generosum*, a generous kind of death, for a man to be authour of his own death, If it be permitted to desire death, why is it ill to give it to themselves? *Sed furor est, ne moriari, mori.*

But this is madness certainly,

That thou mayest not die, to die.

To maintain by reason, as well as courage, this was their assertion, Death was natural, therefore welcome any way; *Vivere noluit, qui mori non vult*: He could have no mind to live, that hath none to die: He is sorry that he was a Man, that is not glad to die. It is inevitable, therefore we must be resolute; *Feras, non culpes, quod vitari non potest*; Bear well, not blame what cannot be avoided. Fools flie it, old men attend it, wise men wish it. Nay,

some prided themselves in this way, that for care, fear, or grief, they would not die; *Non inferam mihi manus propter dolorem*, I will not lay hands upon my self for any grief, nor yet for fear: *Stultum est timore mortis mori*; 'Tis a foolish thing to die for fear of death; nor yet through threats of torments. *Sic mori vinci est: Sed si cuperat suspecta esse fortuna, si multa occurrebant molesta, tranquillitatem turbantia, &c.* To die so, is to be vanquish'd: But if so be their fortune began to grow doubtful, and many troubles appeared, disturbing their peace then it was fortitude to dispatch themselves; how, or with what, it mattered not.

Scalpello aperitur ad illam magnam libertatem via, & puncto securus constat, said *Seneca*: A way was soon opened to a great liberty with a little Pen-knife, and by one prick thereof full safety secured, when he bled to death.

Cato will die, because the Commonwealth declined; *Nerva*, because the Laws were not kept; *Silvius*, because he would not live at the

merc

mercy of his Enemy : *Lucretia*, to cover a dishonour. Thus may folly do that which Nature cannot defend.

But where are *these Disputers of the World*, saith *St. Paul*? Others thought Death was to be expected till Nature called for it, or Justice took it. For defence of a Man's Country, Laws, or Religion; Men might *ponere animas suas*, lay down their lives; but not for ostentation, or in discontentment.

Bonares est mori sua morte, 'Tis good to die a Man's own natural death.

Yet some will die for wantonness, if they want their Wills.

Life was given to manage to the utmost. Having but the use of our lives, we are bound to husband them to the best advantage.

Every one is here set Centinel, and not to leave the place, till his Captain call him off.

Non est optima quæ placet, sed quæ decet; That is not the best death which pleaseth, but which becomes me.

That death was best, which was well recollected, quietly suffering what it could not possibly prevent.

Fortiter ille facit, qui miser esse potest, That Man do's valiantly, that can be contentedly unhappy.

It is not enough to die with a Roman courage, nor to be as resolute as *Cato*, who told *Cesar*, he feared his Pardon more than the Pain he threatened: Nor yet that the cause of death be just; but it must be also necessary, unsought, inevitable.

But to let go this discourse; my Contemplation lies another way.

Only this let me say, Divines need not be ashamed to wear the Jewels and the Ear-rings of Egyptians; they are in many things so full of lustre, and so excellent.

Man in this World lives by appointment, and God for his own purposes makes life sweet, and death terrible. Many there are that fear not so much to be dead, as to die. *Affiduo variatur homo per adversa & prospera, & nescit quando moriatur;* A Man is continually changing betwixt good and evil, and knows not when he shall die.

To labour not to die, is labour in vain. To live without fear of death, is to die living.

Secura vita est mortuum,

mortuum, a secure life is a dead sea. *Mordecai* said to *Hester*, Canst thou be so vainly timorous as to die for fear of death?

This let a wise Man do; *Quod necesse est, ne timeat*; *Quod incertum est, semper expectet*; Let him not fear what must needs be, and let him expect ever what but may be. But he neither fears nor feels death, that hath his hopes in Heaven.

Zenon was wont to say, There was no Happiness but Life, it introducing eternity; no unhappiness but living long, it prolonging misery: for the best condition of it was but a variety of vanity; wherefore, as life was welcome, so age was to him fearful; the most afflicted men draw comfort, from the hopes of death; Therefore

Seek not consolation against death, but let death be thy consolation. Comforter is his Name: In death there is comfort against death. *Mortem optare malum, timere peius*: 'Tis evil to pray for death, but 'tis worse to fear it. But to make death easie, look thorough death at glory; think not so much of death, as of the glory that

follows it ; at the worst, *Mors non auferit vitam , sed in melius transfert* ; Death doth not take away life , but removes it for the better : life gives way to death , and makes way for it. If it be sharp for the time , *Puer es , si malis manere insanus , quàm medicinam sustinere amaram* ; Thou art but a Child , if thou hadst rather continue sick , than take unpleasant Physick. A Man will easily swallow a bitter Pill to gain health. The Physitian helps us not without pain , and yet we reward him for it. *Job* saith of Death , *From six troubles it delivereth ; & in septima* , and in the seventh , that is , at point of death , *non tanget te malum* ; no evil shall touch thee : *Weeping may endure for a night , but Joy cometh in the morning*. Fit your self for it , and you will never fear it ; do by it as you do in other things ; when you would go to sleep , you put off your Cloaths , you draw the Curtains , put out the Candle , and go to Bed : Thus as it were acting sleep , before you go to sleep ; so address your self to death , and then as a Father saith ,

Erit

*Erit somnus dilectis initium refrigerii,
Scala montis, Janua vite, Ingressus in
Tabernaculum.*

Death begins rest to them whom
God doth love :

'Tis Heavens Ladder, Gate to life
above :

Bring your self acquainted with
death, that when it comes you may
entertain it, *non ut hostis, sed ut ho-*
spes, not as an Enemy, but as a Guest;
not as Foe, but as a Friend : not as a
Stranger, but as a Guest that you had
long looked for : and bid death wel-
come, more blessed than your Birth.

Thus did *Solomon* upon his Throne,
extoll his Coffin above his Crown.
What a grief then is it to see great Men
in these days build houses of that
strength and state, as if they should
alwayes live ; and yet so live, as if
they had but mortal souls ? like the old
Romans, who thought eternity dwelt
in Statues, and in Marble Monuments.
Patres veteres habitabant in cavernis ;
Cain verò edificavit civitatem in ter-
ra, sed perdidit Cælum : Our Grand-
fathers lived in Caves, and *Cain* first
built on Earth, but lost Heaven ; I

dwelt in Cedars, but Gods Ark remains under Curtains, was Davids grief.

It is good counsel, *Effice mortem tibi familiarem, ut possis, cum fors tulerit, illi lætus & alacriter obviare*; Get familiar acquaintance with death, that when thy lot shall fall, thou mayest go forth glad and chearful to meet it. Though death be terrible, yet innocency is bold.

As the thought of death daunts an ill liver; so it makes a good man, *Humilior, cautior, & cordatior*: more humble, more wary, and more fruitful. Yet do not as the Duellists and Gallants of the times do, go into the field to seek death, and find honour: Swift *Asahel*, had he gone but slowly, might have overtaken death, but he runs to fetch it; so do Combatants in these days, *Ubi infelix victoria cum victor succumbit vitio: nam aut morieris pro homicidio, aut viues homicidia*: Where 'tis an unhappy Victory, for the Conquerour do's basely submit to sin, and thou shalt either die for Murder, or live a Murderer. Nor do not as the Wits of the time do,

put

put a scorn upon death ; and, to be accounted good company, dare abuse God, despite death, and talk prophanely; yet no man for offending good fellowship, must reprove them : To be bitterly witty in investives pleases : and to have brain enough to be a *Timon*, seems a jolly thing : but in these cases, saith Saint *Augustine*, it is a fault not to find fault ; *Nam quemadmodum malus sermo ducet in peccatum, sic silentium relinquit in peccato*; For as wicked discourse leads into sin, so does such silence leave a man in it : A man may be mannerly in the form, but must be round in the matter : for a friend cannot make a more improvement of his friendship, than by a round reproof of his friend upon such an occasion.

One saith well, sin doth ill in the eye, but worse in the tongue : I know not, saith another, whether the maintenance of the least evil be not worse than the commission of the greatest : for this may be of frailty, that argues obstinacy. Likewise, prophane speeches, how sharp soever, are ever hateful to a good ear. Wherefore play not the

the wanton with heaven, take no part with wit against godliness; such air poysons goodness, brings sadness at the last.

Seneca observing that ill men in their conversation, and good men in their prayers made over-bold with God, gave this counsel, So deal with men, as if God saw thee; to speak to God, as if men heard thee; But say the good fellows of the world. *Offendatur Deus, ne contristetnr amicius*, let God be displeased rather than thy friend distasted. Let us enjoy our selves, to what else serves the fulness of our fortunes? But he counsels better that saith, *Temperanda est felicitas mundi meditatione mortis, ut vinum aqua dilutum*; The happiness of the world is to be tempered with the remembrance of death as wine is with water; such an allay prosperity requires.

To this end good *Joseph* built his Sepulchre in his garden; *Saul* is no sooner anointed King, but was sent to *Rachel's* Sepulchre; some *Philosophers* had their graves alwayes open before their gates, that going out and coming in, they might alwayes think of death.

death: for in life they found comforts to be rare, crosses frequent, pleasures momentany, pains permanent.

In this World we are all *Benonies*, the sons of sorrow; the way to Heaven is by Weeping-cross. The Kalendar tells us, we come not to Ascension-day, till the Passion Week be past.

*Hi motus animorum atque hac certamina tanta,
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa, quiescunt.*

All those proud strifes that break great spirits peace,
Throw but a little dust on them, will quickly cease.

It is observed, that most of other creatures live long, but dying perish all to nothing: Therefore some complain of Nature, that she hath given too long a life to a Raven, and too short a life to a Man. Man that is short lived, yet he dying, lives eternally: Think but of this, and you will think as Saint *Bernard* did, that life were little better than Hell, were it not for the hope of Heaven.

Surely

Surely Christ would not have died, but that we may die in safety: He by death, in death, delivered us from death.

And did Christ die for me, that I might live with him? I will not therefore desire to live long from him. Who would not go out of himself to go to God?

It is a token of little love to God, to be loath to go to God. All Men go willingly to see him whom they love. Our Brother *Joseph* liveth; therefore, though with *Jacob* I cannot say, I will go see him before I die; Yet, Lord, let me die, that I may see him whom my soule loveth; living I cannot, but dying I shall.

The danger is, lest difficulties and delights hinder our resolutions: Difficulties should not, For since *Adam* fall none passes unto Paradise but by burning Seraphims; We cannot go out of *Egypt*, but thorough the Red-sea. Those Children of *Israel* before they came to *Jerusalem*, took in their way the valley of Tears, and crossed the swift River *Jordan*, before they came to the sweet Waters of *Siloam*. Pleasures

sures may hinder: For even that good
 Saint *Augustine* was once of the mind,
 that he would not leave present pleas-
 sures for future hopes; but afterwards
 said with sorrow, *Pudeat vivere in deli-*
ciis, cum Christus vixit in periculis:
 It is a shame to live deliciously, when
 as Christ lived dangerously: *Moses*
 when he came to years, refused to be
 called the son of *Pharao's* daughter,
 choosing rather to suffer affliction with
 Gods Children, than to enjoy the
 pleasure of sin for a season. Prospe-
 rous fortunes many times hinder a
 cheerful dying: But this petulant
 World must be left: The vain pride of
 Man befools him, and easily carries
 him to ridiculous affectations: But con-
 science of sin must not be exchanged
 for the sense of pleasure. To labour
 in conquering Vice is the greatest plea-
 sure we should take. The holy Man
 exclaims, *O quam multi sunt qui mun-*
dum damnant, & tamen pauci relin-
quant! Alas, how many are there that
 rail at the World, and how few that
 leave it! Every sense about us, upon
 the least temptation, is a traitour to
 the soul. The body it self, if you set
 too

too high a price upon it, will make a cheap soul. *Magna corporis cura, magna mentis incuria*: Our care for the body is great, and our carelessness of the soul no less. A Man may be as happy in Russet as in Tissue; and he is an unhappy Man, whose out-side is his best side: vile is Nature in her best dress. It was good counsel of the Preacher, *Care not for glorious Apparel, but apparel your self with glory*. A spruce Roman, riding on a lean Jade, was asked by the Cenſor his reason, he answered, *Ego curo meipſum, Scatino verò equum*, I look to my ſelf, but my Man to my horſe. So, vain Men look to their bodies, look who liſt to their ſouls. *Dominans ancillari, & ancillam dominari abuſio eſt*, ſaith Stella, 'Tis a great abſurdity, that the Miſtreſs ſhould play the Hand-maid, and the Hand-maid command.

Alſo high fortunes lead Men to ſtrange faſhions; but if we would be of the Court of Heaven, we muſt faſhion our ſelves as the Countryman doth, who when he comes to Court, ſoon ſhakes off his Clowniſh tricks, and gets a civil behaviour: *Mundum*

cum suis frivolis, the World with all its trifles, a good Man must contemn.

If you would live well, live in awe of all eyes, and especially take heed where you live; for the very place of pleasure is dangerous. In Paradise *Adam* could not be innocent, but out of Paradise he was a good Man. *Adam* was set upon in Paradise, *Job* on the Dunghill; yet *Job* was *fortior in stercore*, *quam Adam in Paradiso*, stronger on the Dunghill than *Adam* was in Paradise; We are no *Dauids* now a-days, therefore let us not be too venturous; *David* when he had seen the magnificency and state of the Court, yet thought never the worse of his retired life, but loved his Hook the better: And when afterwards he came from keeping sheep to be a Shepherd of Men, he changed his state without change of his disposition: but this is not our condition now a-days; we are more for our sheep than our souls. Man is the son of desires, but judge not of things by the face of things; for life and death have deceivable vizors: under the fair face of life lurks grief, under the foul feature of death (which
is

is but fancy) you will change your mind , loath that you loved , love that you loathed.

Vita habitu casto, cum non sit, casta videtur :

Mors prater cultum nil meretricis habet

Life , though she be not chaste , would fain seem so ;

And Death hath nothing whorish but the shew.

The Kinds of Death.

THe kinds of death as of life are two , one bodily , the other spiritual :

Bodily life is the conjunction of Body and soul , bodily death is the separation of body and soul . And as a godly man hath three degrees of life . The first in this life when Christ lives in him ; The second , when his body returns to earth , and his soul to God that gave it : The third , at the end of the World , when body and soul re-united shall enjoy Heaven :

So likewise a wicked Man hath three degrees of death; Dead in sin, while he lives; Dead in soul, when he dies; Dead in body and soul, when both shall be adjudged to eternal condemnation.

Malis fit mors sine more, evil Men die a death that never dies.

Finis sine fine, an endless end.

Defectus sine defectu, a decay that shall never decay.

Quia mors vivit, finis semper incipit, & deficere defectus nescit.

Because their death lives, and their end always begins, and their decay knows not to decay.

On the other side, to the faithfull, death is but the finishing of his mortification, and burying of his sin.

Freedom of Death.

The freedoms we have by death are many.

I. First, from all worldly injuries. Here good men do but live and suffer *bone agere, & male pati*; do well, and suffer ill; that's their portion; Sufferings, are greater tryals than actions, but

but they prepare to happiness: It is good for me that I have been afflicted, saith *David*.

Non sentire mala, non esset hominis, non ferre, non esset viri: He that does not feel evils is no man, he that cannot bear them, is a Woman: But what are momentary afflictions to an eternal weight of glory?

2. Secondly, it ends all. Misery is a privative good, putting a period to all ill. Man in misery, saith *Job*, longs for death, and digs for it more than treasure; *Mors finis est, non pœna*, Death is but an end, not a pain. Nay, saith one, *Nec finis nec pœna, bonus lex est, non pœna perire*; It is neither end or pain, but to good men a law rather than a punishment. It is another *Moses* unto man, delivering him out of bondage, and making brick in *Egypt*.

It ends sin, not life: it reforms, but doth not destroy nature.

Viciorum est sepultura, virtutum resurrectio; There is a buriall of vices, but a resurrection of virtues.

3. Thirdly, it frees from all corporall infirmities.

Mors omnium dolorum solutio ; Death is the disbanding of all griefs.

Life it self is a disease, and we dye by corruption of humours, whether they be of body or manners : who so thinks to heal all infirmities with an easier plaister then death, *dilinimentum potius quam remedia podagra sua* ponit, applies rather flatteries to his gout then remedies.

4. Fourthly, it frees us from all bodily labours : Man is the subject of the earth by labour, of heaven by suffering. The Spirit saith, *Blessed are they that dye in the Lord, they rest from their labours.* *Adeo juvat occupatum mori*, so pleasant is it to a busie man to dye ; Here I have labour without rest, there I shall have rest without labour. In this rest perfect tranquillity, in this tranquillity contentment, in this contentment joy, in this joy variety, in this variety security, in this security eternity ; So to rest, to rise, to reign, what more to be wished ?

5. Fifthly, it eases us of all cares and troubles : *Refrigeries est anima*, Refreshment to the soul ; Were we but in a throng, we would think that man

man at ease who gets out first. Noah, when he had been tossed but a year upon the waters, then Mount *Ararat* was to him a glad some place; so likewise miserable man after many wearisome years tossed up and down the world as in a troubled sea, will be glad of death, as of Mount *Ararat*, a resting place for his tired soul.

Old *Chaucer's* Epitaph is a good one: *Mors arumnarum requies*, Death is the repose of cares.

The long-sick man wrote upon his grave-stone; *Hic ero sanus*, here I shall be well.

In war we often relieve the watch: Life is a warfare, yet hath no relief but death.

6. Lastly, death doth us not the least pleasure in freeing us from phantasms and vain pleasures: *Periclitamur enim castitas in deliciis, Pietas in negotiis, Veritas in multiloquio, Charitas in seculo*; for in pleasures our chastity is endangered, in business our piety, our truth in much speech; our charity in things worldly.

And yet some pleasures may stand with innocency; (for God loves to see his

his Creatures happy) but commonly the pleasures of the body are the poys-
sons of the soul : a man smothered in
Roses meets with Death, though in
sweetness; *Delicatas enim membra ener-
vat felicitas* : prosperity cuts the
sinews of delicate spirits. In vain mirth
there is no true joy, nor yet gladness in
laughter; *Nam res est severa verum
Gaudium*, for true joy is a serious mat-
ter : The only object of true joy is
God; *In the multitude of sorrows that
I had in my heart, thy comforts have
refreshed me, and do delight my soul,*
saith David.

And as Jacob served seven years for
Rachael, and it seemed to him but a
few dayes for the love which he did
bear to her; So let me esteem both the
time short and the pains sweet in serv-
ing to injoy thee, O Lord my God.

Delight in pleasures, and you shall
find your greatest pleasures become
your bitterest pains.

*Miser homo, cujus gaudium crimen
habet*; What a sad wretch is this poor
man, whose very joy is not innocent?

But cherish that Synterefis, the natu-
rall power in the soul, and that will
stirre

stirre you up to a cheerfulness in goodness; *Ne queras Deum in hortis & pascuis deliciarum: Moses cum invenit in spinis & asperitate vita;* Seek not God in the gardens and green meadows of pleasures, for *Moses* found him in the thorns and roughness of life.

A man, whose soul is conversant with God, shall find more pleasure in the desert and in death, than in the Palace of a Prince.

Soveraignty reaches not to the affairs of Nature; even Princes must die. *I have said, Ye are gods, but she shall dye like men.*

The benefits by Death.

THe benefits that come by Death: Fulness of Grace which here we have but in part; *Vivere velint homines ut perfecti sint, mori volunt & perfecti sunt;* Men would live to be perfect, but they are so onely when they are as willing to dye. Here we have but *Arrham Spiritus*, the Earnest of the Spirit, there we shall have *Pretium*, *Sedeto à dexteris*, our reward, Sit ye

on my right hand, will be our welcome. Here mens regeneration is never accomplished: by death it is fully perfected.

Secondly, perfection of Glory: Now I know but in part; but then I shall know as I am known: now I see darkly, as in a glass, then shall I see face to face; There shall be new Heavens, new earth, the World shall be made better, not nothing; *Suscipit enim meliorationem, non interitum*, it receives a bettering, not a destruction. *Old things are passed away*, behold, saith St. Paul, *all things are become new*. *There shall be no more an infant of days, nor an old man that hath not filled his dayes*, saith *Isay*. The heavens you behold shall be super-invested with new endowments, made everlasting habitations for the Saints departed. *Erimus participes, non tantum spectatores glorie*, we shall be sharers, not only spectators of glory; enjoy with these eyes *visionem illam beatificam*, that blessed vision; joy unspeakable, and this joy, saith St. John, *no man shall take from us*.

D

Thirdly,

Thirdly, inseparable fellowship with Christ: *They follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.* There we shall be married to him, here we be but contracted. *Desponsabo te mihi*, I will marry thee to me, saith the Prophet. Those favours and love-tokens I have here received, do but inflame, not satisfy; and these I am willing to part with, lest they should make me loath to depart to him that gave me them.

There is none can fill the mind of man, but the Blessed Trinity; when God the Father the most ancient of dayes shall fill our memories; God the Son who is wisdom it self, shall fill our understandings; God the Holy Ghost who is contentation and Love shall fill in our will: then all the powers of our mind will be at rest, when as they shall enjoy him who made them.

Meretricius est amor, plus annuit quam sponsum amare; 'tis the love of whores, more to value the gold ring than the bridegroom.

Lastly, it brings me where I would be, into my own Countrey, into Paradise, where I shall meet not as in the *Elizium* of the Poets, Catones, Scipiones

& Scavola's: But *Abraham*, *Isaac*, and *Jacob*, the *Patriarchs* my fathers, the *Saints* my brothers, the *Angels* my friends, my wife, children and kinsfolks that are gone before me, and do attend me, looking and longing for my arriving there. Where we shall thus congratulate, as *Saint Paul* saith, we are met in mount *Sion* the City of the living God, and the Celestiall *Jerusalem*, in the company of innumerable Angels, where things that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart of man can conceive, are prepared for us and all that fear God.

Therefore I will say, *Lord*, When shall I come and appear before thee? Like as the Hart panteth for the water-brooks, so pants my soul for thee, O God! I had rather be a door-keeper in thy house, than dwell here, though in Chambers of pleasure: And know this, that glory followes grace; if little grace be here, less will be the glory hereafter.

Touching the Second General Division.

II.

The fears or joyes that Death brings.

The fears of Death.

T*Imor est dolor, all fear is grievous, The King of fears is death; for nothing is absolutely fearfull, but what tends to Death. The living Dog, saith Solomon, is better than the dead Lion. The basest life excels the best bare Being. Naturally men fear Death, because it ends being, which Nature would preserve. Omnis dolor surgit ab amore, all grief ariseth from love. Rachel mourned for her children, and would not be comforted, because they were not.*

Very not-being is sufficiently abhorred by Nature; yet Death ends not being.

Christians were wont to be of this courage, that they feared nothing but sin : Saying to the Law, thou hast no power

power over me, for God the Father hath sent his Son to redeem me from thy bondage, thou dost accuse, terrify, condemn in vain, for I will creep into the hole which bloody *Longinus* made with his speer in my Saviours side, there will I hide my self from all my foes; I will plunge my conscience in his wounds, death, victorious resurrection, glorious Ascension. *Timuit mortem Petrus, & negavit Christum*, St. Peter feared death, and this made him deny Christ. But why should a man fear death that doth but restore him to Him that made him. *Timeat mortem qui Deum non timet*; sed si sperare desideras de sine timere, let him fear death that does not fear God: but if thou desirest to hope, cease to fear. Fears, as all passions, do disquiet the heart; Yet just fear breeds but care, and fear mixt with faith, solicites unto goodness; but distrustful fear, as over confident hope, are both alike hurtful.

Sunt autem qui Deum nec timent, nec sperant, but there are some who neither fear God, nor trust in him. These Men are desperate; go on, and shut up a careless life with a dis-

consolate death. Fear of death is commonly the effect of an evil life. Fear vice specially in age, lest the nearer you come to death, the farther you go from life. The *Convert* said well, *Periissem nisi Periissem*, I had perished, but that I did perish.

It is true, the name of Death to most is fearfull; Yet *Pompa mortis magis terret quam ipsa mors*, the train of death affrights more than death it self. Groans, convulsions, discoloured faces, these shew death terrible; because God loves at first to make way for himself by terrour, but at last conveys himself to us in sweetness. And what trouble can the fear breed, when that which is feared is a favour?

That *Philosopher* is not to be followed, who to prepare himself the better for death, did set forth death most fearfully: nor yet is that Emperour to be praised, who so little esteemed death, as he died in a complement.

The fear of death is worse than the pains of death; *Timor mortis ipsa morte peior*, the fear of death is worse than it self, because fear of death kills

us often, where death it self can do it but once. And when that is done, saith Job, *the Womb will forget thee; and the Worms feed sweetly on thee.*

There is nothing more miserable or foolish than always to fear.

The *Philosopher* thought, that if Death (as bad as Men count it) were not mingled with bitterness, Men would run to it with desire and indiscretion.

Ergo mortem concupiscentes, & timentes, aequè objurgat Epicurus, therefore *Epicurus* doth equally reprove those that desire death, and those that fear it.

It is true, Life would not be troubled with too much care, nor Death with too much fear, because fears betray, cares disorder those succours which reason would afford to both; But he is more sorrowfull than is necessary, that is sorrowful before there be necessity. Nor will I ever think my soul in good case so long as I fear to think of dying. When the Prince of Life was under the Arrest of Death, then Death's seeming victory was terrible: But now, *O Death! where is*

thy Sting? O Grave, where is thy Victory?

Fears multiply evils, Faith diminishes them; yet most Men wish, *ut mors potius semel, quam semper impendeat*, that death would rather fall on them at once, than hang always threatening over them; because nothing is so painful as to dwell long under the expectation of some great evil. Of themselves, the pains of Death are only throws of travel, that bring forth joys in suffering pains.

Absolvitur anima, resolvitur corpus: gaudet quod absolvitur; quod resolvitur, non sentit, the soul is discharged by it, the body dissolved: the one rejoiceth for her liberty, the other feels not that she is asunder.

The Heathen Man could say, *Nunc ego pœnas esse quibusdam post mortem; sed quid ad mortem, quid post mortem!* I believe not, for my part, that there is any punishment to any after Death: but say there were, yet what is it to death? what shall be after death? If there be any fears in Death! *Quare juvenes non timent fieri senes?* why do young Men not fear to become old Men?

Men? But is the nature of fear, to make dangers greater, helps less than they are.

When *Anaxagoras* had word brought him, that his dear and only Son was dead: *Scio* said he, *me genuisse mortalem*, I know I begot him mortal. The Son's condition satisfied the Father's passion.

There is no such gentle removal of grief, or life's discontents, as the right sense of Death; nor can that Man either live at ease, or yet contentedly, that lives continually in fear of death. *Nil in morte metuamus, si nihil timendum vita nostra commisit*; Never fear what you shall suffer when you are dead, if you have not deserved it while you lived.

In learning to live, study how to die. We take great care to bestow our time well while we live; but he loses all his time, that knows not how to end his time.

Nescire mori miserrimum, nothing more miserable than not to know how to die.

Socrates de morte disputabat usque ad ipsam, *Socrates* disputed concern-

ing death untill he died. When *Orbe* and *Cato* had prepared all things for their death, they settled themselves to sleep; when they awaked and found themselves upon the stroke of execution, all they said was, *Vita supplicio data est, mors remedio*: Life is given for a punishment, death for a remedy. Tyrants have been told to their faces, that their mortal wounds made the sufferers immortal.

Vivere non potest, qui mori non audet, he cannot live that dares not die.

There is no man so valiant as the believer.

It was a Proverb amongst the Heathen; *Soli Christiani mortis contemptores*, only Christians were true despisers of death.

Zeno's word was, *Difficile est hominem exuere*, 'tis a hard thing to put off Man; but off he must.

It is true, fear of death (as a tribute due to Nature) is a weakness; yet fears be not always ill symptoms before death, nor in death. At that instant Nature will reluct to keep still her being, unto which death is repugnant, life pleasing.

But

But neither life nor being are alike to all men: To an ill man the best had been; not, to have been, *Non nasci optimum*, best not to have been born; his next best was, to live long: It was ill with him that he was born, worse that he must die. Therefore not being sure of a better life, he would fain make much of this: He is conscious to himself, that this dying life will bring him to a living death, yet thinks *Dum spiro, spero*, whilst I breath, I hope; and so flutters, *inter mortis metum, & vite tormentum*; *nolit vivere, & nescit mori*; betwixt fear of death, and torture of life; unwilling to live, and ignorant to die. A good man is otherwise minded, he counts his end the best of his being, for that brings him to the fruition of his hope. *Quid huius vivere est*, what is this man's life, but *diis mori*, to die to the gods? His word is, *Cum expiro spero*, when I breath out my soul, I draw in hope; my body only lived *spirando*, by breathing, my soul lives *sperando*, by hoping; when his breath fails him, his hope faints not, *Patienter vivit, delectabiliter moritur*, he lived

lived patiently, he died delightfully. To this man, *mori quamprimum*; to die as soon as he can, is his. Rather, therefore he saith to his soul; *Why art thou cast down, O my soul! why art thou so disquieted within me? Wait on God.*

The difference of Souls as well in dying as living.

SOul and Soul are differenced in dying, as well as in being. The Athiest dares not die, for fear of *non esse*, not-being; The ill liver dares not die, for fear of *male esse*, evil being; The doubtful conscience dares not die *nesciendo*; by not knowing, whether he shall be, not be, or be damned: Only the good Man dares and desires to die; He is assured of his hope, his hope is full of immortality. *What can I fear, when I know in whom I believe*, said the holy Martyr? *I am thy Salvation*, saith that Saviour of Man.

Could death end misery, the greatest happiness of a wicked man would wish, were the act of Death: But his conscience will not let him lye, he knows the

the end of his present miseries, is the beginning of worse; yea, such as death itself cannot terminate: for that would be happiness enough, had he hope there would be an end at the last.

Tophet is prepared for the bad, and *Paradise* for the good; *As the Tree falleth, so it lieth.* As Death leaves him, so Judgement shall find him.

There was neither death nor life but had some good in it, could he have seen it. In life there was some ease, in death an end; But in *inferno*, in Hell there is neither ease nor end.

Prima mors animam dolentem pellit de corpore; the first death drives the sad soul out of the body.

Secunda mors animam nolentem tenet in corpore; the second death holds the unwilling soul in the body.

There is no *Annus Platonicius*, Platonick year, nor year of Jubile in this place.

Could we therefore fore-think what bitter pains our sweet sins will cost, we would be provident, we durst not but be innocent.

But foolish men give away their souls for nothing: yet those that would
not

not fear for love, shall tremble for fear, and find, though too late, how much prevention is better than confusion. In the sense of pain and horrour of conscience, they will one day cry, *O vos omnes qui transitis!* O all you that pass by! all ye that pass by, *attendite, & videte si est dolor sicut dolor meus;* see and behold, if ever any sorrow like my sorrow. Then pangs of death, anguish of conscience, frights of hell meeting all together, will render a man perfectly miserable.

It is strange that we will not be wise by other mens harms: for though we love our selves better than others, yet we see others better than our selves. Reason therefore bids us, if we would see our own case, then to view it in another mans person, and so prevent that which he feels.

Seldom doth he die well, that lives ill; therefore in the course of your life practise well doing, and at parting you shall have the comfort of well-dying.

Body

Body and Soul parting.

S*Ed quàm amarum erit hoc tempore corporis & anima seperatio?* But oh how bitter at that time will be the parting of soul and body? We see old acquaintants cannot part without tears. *Quid facient intimè familiares, quales sunt corpus & anima, qua ab ipso utero ita jucundissimè vixerint?* What shall such intimate familiar friends do, as the soul and body are; which have lived together from the Womb with so much delight? If the Oxe loweth when his fellow is taken from him that drew the Plough with him, *qualem mugitum*, what lowing shall we give when soul and body part? *Siccine separas, amara Mors?* *Siccine separas?* Doeſt thou part us so, O bitter death? Doeſt thou part us so?

When I go *in fundum*, into the bottom, there shall I see *noſtrum nihil*, our nothingness; saith the Book of Kings. The Spirit at this time may be willing, but the flesh will be loath. *Agrè amittitur, quod valde amatur*, that is lost with trouble, that is too strongly

strongly beloved. *Inflame my soul with true zeal (the true seal of thy holy Spirit) that it may be carried in a full course with the wings of Faith and Devotion, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of the Father.*

Faith will assure, God is thy Father; but Nature will tell thee, She is thy Mother, and thou mayest not yet leave her. In this conflict, take heed the Mothers side prevail not: she will play *Naomi's* part, perswade thee earnestly to stay, and enjoy the delights of *Moab* yet a while longer; but resolve thou with *Ruth* to see what entertainment is for thee in *Bethlehem*, for there thou shalt find a *Boaz*.

In ista hora, in that hour every man will make *Baalams* suit, (for no man would be miserable, if it were enough to desire to be happy.) *Beatus vult habere esse, etiam non sic vivendo ut posset esse*; Man wisheth to be blessed, though he have no mind to live so as that he may be blessed. Some there are that would not wish to live, but wish they had not lived. But such wishes will not serve. Death will not be satisfied with wishes, nor with words. Heaven is full of good works.

works, Hell full of good wishes. He must *p'è vivere*, live godlily, that will *secure mori*, dye safely. We all desire to shut up our last scene of life with *In manus, Domine, commendo spiritum meum*; Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit. But it is not the last words a man utters, that do qualifie his soul. Remember how in thy life thou hast entertained Gods Spirit: for as we used him in this life, so he will use ours after death. *Qualem quisque se fecerit in hac vita, talem se inveniet exiens ab hac vita*; Such as any man hath made himself in this life, such shall he find himself when he goes out of this life.

At this hour what would a man give to secure his soul? *Quid dabis pro anima tua, qui pro nihilo das illam*? What wilt thou give then for thy soul to save it, that dost so prodigally throw it away now for nothing? Poor man! never was any so rich as could pay the ransom of his own soul; a displeased mercy asks greater satisfaction.

And this know, that when thou dyest, thou goest to give account of thy Stewardship, that is, *Temporis missi, Mali commissi, Boni omissi*: of thy

thy time lost, of the evil thou hast done, and the good thou hast not done: and thy soul already knows, in *conscientia tua*, in thy conscience, whither it goes, *quando egreditur e corpore tuo*, when it passeth out of thy body; for thy conscience is a Justice Itinerant within thee, and though thou canst carry nothing else with thee, yet this thou canst not leave behind thee, that will tell thee whither thou goest, and what thou shalt look for; *Tunc quasi loquentia tua opera dicent, Tu nos egisti, tu opera sumus, non te deseremus: sed cum ibimus ad Iudicium*: then shall thy doings, even speaking aloud, say unto thee, Thou hast done us, we are thy works, we will not leave thee, but will go with thee to judgement. In that day shalt come into mens minds (*vi divina*, by the Divine power) in the twinkling of an eye, all their past good or evil works.

Memory, the Magazine of the Soul, will then recount all that thou hast done, said, or thought, all thy life long: for there needs no other art of memory for sin, but misery.

Man is a great flatterer of himself, but Conscience is alwayes just, and will never chide thee wrongfully; It alwayes takes part with God against a mans self; It is *Magistratus domesticus*, a domestick Magistrate, that will tell what you do at home: It is well termed, the pulse of the Soul; therefore if you would know the true state of your body or soul, feel how this beats, that will tell you; yet take heed you make not an Idol of your conscience; neither think, as some do, that it is a crime to make a conscience of your actions. The Book of Wisdom saith, That *wickedness being pressed with conscience, fore-casteth grievous things*; fear is full of project.

Nemo severiorem seipso habet iudicem, No man can have a more severe Judge than himself: therefore *non timere iudicium*, not to fear judgment is a desperate thing; yet we pray daily; *Domine, adveniat Regnum tuum*, Lord, let thy Kingdom come.

It shews a Christian courage.

Regnum Dei postulare, to seek the Kingdom of God: but a man had need of a good Cause, that wishes the coming of his Judge.

At

At point of death, if a man will take his aim by the best man that ever lived or dyed; that of *David*, *Ezekias*, and of *Christ* himself (as he was man) is able to amaze any man, when as our Saviour *Christ*, not many hours before he suffered, said, *Anima mea turbata est, & quid dicam?* My soul is troubled, and what shall I say? and at the very point of death, said, *Father, if it be thy Will, let this Cup pass from me.* When *David* said, *Save, Lord, for thy mercies sake: for in death there is no remembrance of thee.* And *Ezekias* wept sore, when he was bid, *Put thy house in order, for thou must dye.* *Si Patres, si Prophetæ, si Apostoli, si Martyres, si Christus, ipse*, If the Patriarchs, if the Prophets, if the Apostles, if the Martyrs, if *Christ* himself was thus troubled at the hour of death, *Wretched man that I am, what shall I do?* We were all to seek, but that *Christ* bids us, *Be of good cheer, for I have overcome Death; Mors morte redempta est*, Death is redeemed by death: Now there is advantage in death; that which was the wages of sin, is made the reward of righteousness.

Non

Now that death hath overcome death, and that faith hath secured fear:
Nec me tadet vivere, nec timeo mori,
 I am neither weary of life, nor afraid to die; for what can he fear in death, whose death is his hope? *Timor timore pellitur, ut clavus clavo truditur,*
 Fear is banish't by fear, as one nail is driven out by another, *Right precious in the sight of God is the death of Saints.* So blessed a thing is death, as that no man is or can be fully Blessed until his Death.

See then what makes men willing or loath to dye.

Obsecro te, Lucille, said Seneca, Cur timeat laborem vir, mortem homo? I pray thee, O *Lucillus*, why should a strong man fear labour, or a mortal man death: It is the present condition of men that makes them willing or loath to dye.

Nor life, nor death are alike to all men: Some can as willingly leave the World, as others can forbear the Court.

And count him but unwise, *qui os suum aperit aeri, ut satiaret vento,* that opens his mouth for air, that he may fill his belly with wind. Some say un-

to

to themselves, *Singe the Fathers* fell asleep, all things continue as they were. *Liberè ignorant, ut liberius peccent.* They are willingly ignorant, that they may more freely sin. These will erect to themselves an heaven out of heaven and be blessed before they be dead. Some pleasant their lives, as if the world should alwayes laugh upon them. *Quamvis peior est mundus cum blanditur, quam cum indignatur,* though the world is far worie when she flatters, than when she scolds.

Some say, *Let us eat and drink, for to morrow we shall dye; Et post mortem nulla voluptas,* and after death there is no more pleasure. These would do any thing rather than dye. Others thinking to please God by making themselves miserable, live as if they came into the world but to act a sad mans part and dye.

De tanta letitia, quanta tristitia. Oh how great sorrow breeds from such joy!

These with a change, hoping it will be a benefit. All weak minds see ease in change. Therefore well said the son of *Syrach*, *O death how acceptable*

thy remembrance to him whose strength fails? Who is now in his last Age, and vexed with all things: and to him that despaireth and hath lost patience? Contrariwise, O death! how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that lyeth at rest in his possessions, unto the man that hath nothing to vex him, and that prospereth in all things! (*Sed O seculum nequam quod solos tuos sic solos beare amicos, ut Dei facias inimicos!*) But O wicked world, which doest only bless thy friends; so as to make them Gods enemies!

Certainly to this man that thus lives at ease in delicacy with affluence of all things, (for to use happiness is as difficult as to forbear it) to him it is a sad and bitter meditation to think that death must take him from all these joyes, wherein his heart took pleasure, though indeed pleasures are but pains in their loss. *O pro quantillo, Regnum peridi!* Alas, for how small a thing have I lost my Kingdom! said *Lysimachus*, when he gave his Kingdom for a cup of a cold water.

Thus, as men differ in their condition; so do they in the acceptation of death.

Sed,

*Sed, O quam amara mors mundum
amantibus!* But O how bitter is death
to them that love the world!

Every poor contentment glues us to
that we like. And what are those con-
tentments? Vain hopes, impure plea-
sures, false honours, dangerous great-
ness, unsatisfying wealth, stormy con-
tentments, all contemptible. For all
that; some good men covet, & *Demus
& mundum simul complecti*, to grasp
and inclose both God and the world
together; but that will not be, *Ne
Deus non amat cor divisum*, for God
loves not a divided heart. A man
cannot look up to heaven with one eye
and down to the earth with the other.
Amor Dei non est dividendus terrenis
our love of God is not to be divided
with the things of the world. Christ
would not have his Coat divided.

If thy heart be set on heaven, thy
soul will have no pleasure in these low
things. Look upward, a good Christian
is high-minded:

*Os homini sublime dedit, calumnia
tueri.*

He with a lofty look did man endue,
And gave him power the starry skies
to view.

The mind contemplating heaven, walks beyond eye-sight; and at so far a distance discerns God, as if he were at hand. There be certain Subsapientis so worldly wise, as they think all other men Insapientis. To converse with God is true solace. We are never well, but when we are conversing with others, but our conversation is seldom in Heaven, where it should be.

Moses was with God in the Mountain, and came down glistering: his face shining. Peter, when he was taken up to the Mount; cryed, *Faciamus hic tria Tabernacula*, Let us build three Tabernacles here: Whoever they be that dwell in Contemplation of heavenly things see visions, and come off rich in thoughts. In this state, said David, I have had more joy of heart, than they whose wine and oyl increased.

Therefore if thy heart be right, thou needest not fear: But a heart, and a heart, God cannot abide. *Cor extensum*, a large heart God loves. It is noted in Nature that the fearfullest creatures have the largest hearts. Let the fear of God enlarge thy heart, and then you
E need

need not fear your day of death. *Nam dies iste, quem tanquam extremum aliqui reformidant, tibi aeterna salutis erit.* For that day which some men are afraid of at their last, shall be to thee a day of eternal happiness: Nor yet the face of death, for it will look upon thee, *Facie non horrendâ, sed blanda, non terribili, sed amabili;* not with a horrid face, but a fawning; not with a terrible but an amiable presence. Here is the difference, the good mans hope is even in death: The world-lover ends his hope and happiness when he dies; As *Ahab* said to *Elias*, so bid he to Death, *Hast thou found me, mine enemy?* whereas the other said as *David* said to *Ahimaaz*, *Let him come and welcome, for he is a good man and cometh with good tidings.*

Plato discoursing unto one, *de contemptu mortis*, concerning the contempt of death, and speaking strangely upon it, was answered. *Fortius letaris, quam vivis: At ille dicebat, quemadmodum viveret, sed quemadmodum vivendum esset:* Thou speakest more bravely than thou livest: but he said, not as he did, but as he ought

live. For a weak mans rules may be better than the best mans actions. But howsoever the Contemplation of Death pleaseth, the suffering of death will pinch. A man satisfied, that death is nothing but a bridge to convey over a tempestuous water to a calm shore; yet, did not the word, *Ibis ad Patres*, Thou shalt go to thy Father, sweeten the Contemplation, as did that wood cast by *Moses* into the waters of *Marah*, turning bitterness into sweetness; the thought of death (though it be but a gathering to our fathers) would be an unpleasing study.

But fears being past, which are but shadows, set off joyes the better: therefore now to see the joyes that death brings.

The joyes brought by Death.

PER angusta pervenitur ad angusta,
By difficult and narrow means we attain to noble ends. The Soul of joy lyas in the Soul's joy. It was *Sampson's Riddle*, *Out of the bitter came sweet*. The good mans quality is to look through death at glory. When we think upon the separation of body

and soul, then it is a sweet Contemplation to consider the conjunction of our bodies and souls with Christ; which being made by the bond of the Spirit in this life, shall never afterwards be cancelled. For let death, wild beasts, or birds, devour and tear the body from the soul, yet neither body nor soul are thereby severed from Christ.

Non curo, saith Ignatius, si ferarum dentes me moluerint, modo pura sum farina Christo; I care not, if the teeth of wild beasts grind me, so I may become pure meal for Christ.

And yet the body thus consumed, lives not in the grave, nor belly of the beast, nor yet receives life or sense from the soul, nor hath aptitude in itself to re-animation, whilest it is in this Seat.

The dead tree, saith Job, by the frost of water will bud again, but man is cut and dyeth, and where is he? surely not lost, but laid a while at rest.

But when the great Assizes, that general *Venite*, Come ye, comes: Then look what the condition of Christ was in his death, the like shall be of his members. The Body and Soul

Christ

Christ were severed as far as Heaven and the Grave were distant; yet neither of them were parted from the Godhead: so likewise our bodies and souls, though rent and pulled in under millions of miles distant, neither of them are severed or disjoyned from Christ our Head.

Qui prædixit, revixit, He that foretold, revived; and this hath wrought it. Humane wisdom cannot comprehend this. Weak faith looks for means, and is put to shifts, when she sees them fail: and yet Reason ministers help to Faith, though it be no ground of Faith: *Nam fides non tollit sed potius extollit, rationem*; For Faith does not take away, but rather set up Reason. Reason, the chiefeft piece of Man, would, but cannot, reach so high. Grace that hath taken up her seat in the soul, makes Reason see what Nature cannot; And yet Man, do what he can, is still apt to seek a reason why he should believe. But Omnipotency, which works by improbabilities, tells us, there is no strong faith where there is apparent means. Difficulties and improbabilities, are the proper objects

of faith, *Crede, quod non vides; & videbis, quod non credis*: Believe what thou seest not, and thou shalt see what thou believest not.

Philosophers say, that credulity upon weak grounds, is the daughter of folly. But as opinion is owing unto reason, so is faith to Religion. With them, to believe nothing for which they saw not reason was counted wisdom.

But Faith is not faith if Reason comprehend it; Faith and Reason have their limits; where Reason ends, Faith begins: Of old it was the greatest argument for proof of Christianity, the proceeding of it contrary to Reason.

In Nature we see that in Winter season, Trees which seem as dead, revive again in the spring: because the Body, Grains and Arms of the Tree are joyned to the root, where the Sap lies all the Winter: and by means of conjunction it conveys vegetation to all parts of the Tree: Even so mens bodies have their Winter, when they are turned into dust, *Homo arbor inversa, cujus radix in cælis, rami in terra*:

terra: Man is a Tree inverted, whose root is in Heaven, and the boughs on Earth. Man's life lies hid in Christ with God; yet in the day of the Resurrection, by reason of this mystical Conjunction, divine and quickning vertue shall stream from Christ to his Elect, and cause them to resurge from grave to life eternal. For the Head will not be without the Members; where he is, there they shall be alio. Therefore incredulous Nature, shrink not at the impossibility of Resurrection, when the God of Nature undertakes it.

It is noted how in that transfiguration, the body of *Moses*, which was hid in the valley of *Moab*, appeared in the Mount of *Tabor*, which assures that this body of ours, lodge it where you will, is not lost, but laid up to be raised to glory, as it was laid down in dust.

The incineration and dissipation of this dust shall have a recollection in the day of Resurrection.

In the valley of dead bones, did not the Spirit say to *Ezechiel*, *Prophecie upon these bones and say, O ye dry bones,*

bones, I will cause breath to enter into you, I will lay sinews upon you, and will bring up flesh, and you shall live? Awake then, and sing, you that dwell in dust, saith Esay; for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out her dead. I know, saith Job, that my Redeemer liveth, and I shall see God face to face. Our bodies you see, are not cast off by death, but put to new making. Therefore Saint Bernard upon the loss of his friend, expostulates thus with death; *Occidisti, possedisti: Sed quid? corpus, non animam; & veniet aliquando Christus cum potestate & maiestate, carnem illam querere, & illud corpus cadaverosum configurari corpori claritatis sue?* Lo, thou hast slain him, thou hast taken possession; but of what? not of his soul but his body: and Christ will come one day in Power and Majesty, to seek after that flesh, and to conform that rotten body to his glorious body.

It is well for Man, that his body by death becomes putrid, resolved and crumbled to nothing, else how would some mens corps be honoured, if not adored, after death?

Sleep

Sleep faith now unto her Sister Death, *Awake thou that sleepest; for now is your salvation nearer than when you believed.*

Why then should a Man immoderately sorrow, since sorrow is good for nothing but for sin; or grieve for the death of a friend? since, as *Seneca* saith, *It is but envy, not sorrow?* Now that the Child is dead, wherefore should I fast or weep, said *David*? Grief preceding evil, if it be used for a remedy, cannot be too much; But that which follows an evil past remedy, cannot be too little. The arrest of death shall not always keep him that lies down in peace.

The bodies of Saints, saith *Augustine*, shall be raised, *tantâ facilitate, quantâ felicitate*, with as much ease, as happiness. *Nam mors tantum intermittit vitam, non eripit*, for death only pauseth life, not takes it away: it doth not disanul, but discontinue life. And by our rising we are remitted to our better right: A life which never dies, amorning that hath no Eve, nor ending.

Now methinks I hear death say of
E 5
life

life, as John Baptist said of Christ, *He that cometh after me is before me.*

O sweet Word! Life, the best Monosyllable in the World, Gods own attribute; *Deus vivit*, God liveth. And my soul (saith Job) shall live, for my Redeemer liveth.

And is this life but the Child of death? Then blessed also be the word *Death*; the Mother of life, I will no more call thee *Marah*, but *Naomi*; for thou art not bitter, but sweet; more pleasant, though swifter in thy gate, than the Roe or Hind. The Stoick could say, *Mors est que efficit, ut nasci non sit supplicium*, 'tis death which causeth that to be born is no punishment. But what saith Saint John? *I heard a voyce from Heaven, saying, Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord, they dye no more; Death hath no more power over them.* All tears are wiped from their eyes. *Petrus* the daughter of Saint Peter, *facta moritur: rogatus Petrus, cur non illi sicut aliis succurret; Hoc illi prastare respondit: dies of a Fever, Saint Peter being asked, why he did not heal her as well as others? answered, No, this*

is much better for her : it was better for her to die.

Compare life with death, and you will clearly see, how death which seems to dispossess us of all, puts us in possession of more than that all.

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum.

Tendimus in Latium, sedes ubi fata quietas ostendunt.

Through many turns, and diverse sorts of chance,
To safe and quiet dwellings we advance.

It is but Being which we have by birth, a better being is by death, *Esse natura est, bene esse gratia, optimum esse gloria*: our being is from nature, our well-being from grace, our best being from glory. Mans happy being is Eternity. Gods proper Name is Being. *Being* is our Christian name.

Fain would Man be happy while he lives: But the world will scarce afford him a vacation unto sorrows. No Man can speak him happy, that hath a day to live. *Nescit enim quid serus vesper*
vehat,

what, For what late evening brings, he cannot tell. There is divine Philosophy in that saying, *Others bring forth the best wine first, but thou bringest that which is best last.* The end of man is better than man; whose birth is sin, his life folly, his death rottenness.

Though we cannot brag of our Parentage, because *our father was an Amorite, our mother an Hittite*; and it is but a windy happiness that is sought in titles taken upon others credit: yet it was happiness to me, that God wrap'd me up in his Covenant, reserved me for a time of truth, derived me of religious Parents, and made me a subject to virtuous and gracious Kings. Yet, this birth brought me into a world of miseries, allowing no ceasing from sorrows, *Ne natalem quidem exceptit*, not my very birth-day was excepted. For crying was the first note of my being, *Calamitatis futura Propheta*, a Prophet of my own future calamity.

Here I dwell cottaged in a house of clay, whose foundation is dust: but death brings me to an habitation made without hands, everlasting in the Heavens.

vens. *Ad excelsa sublatum inter felices currit animus, excipitque illum coetus sacer*; My soul lifted up to things on high, wandereth among the blessed Spirits; and that holy company receives her, where, for Love, I shall be a Son; for Birth-right, an Heir; for Dignity, a King. Here I have conversed, and had commerce with men, there I shall have communion with Saints, fellowship with Angels; enjoy *visionem illam beatificam*, that blessed vision, the immediate fruition of God and Christ.

O happy and safe condition of Gods children, whom pain thus easeth, Death revives, dissolution unites, sin glorifies! for we know, saith Saint *Paul*, we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burthened, not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon; that mortality might be swallowed up of life.

Old father *Jacob*, when he was told of his Son *Josephs* power in *Egypt*, was not satisfied to hear of his honours, but enquires of his life; Intimating, that life to come is better than all the honours that are in *Egypt*, or fortunes
that

that are on earth. Nor yet did *Joseph's* life content him without his being with him: (For a good heart will be content to share with others in their miseries unbidden, but cannot endure to be happy alone;) and therefore said, *I will go see him*, counting it better to behold with the eye, than to walk in desires; for indeed the best things that are, pleasure us not in their being, but in our enjoying them.

The joy of Soul and Body at their meeting.

Happiness communicated, doubles it self: these two Cousins, Soul and Body, as *Mary* and *Elizabeth* will hasten to meet in the Hill-countrie. And what then shall be the joy, when soul and body separate for a season) although in the *interim* the soul doth not wander and obambulate) shall meet again in joy, and mutually enjoy one the other? The soul saying to the body, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away; for lo, the Winter is past, the time of singing of birds is come.

The

The sense of this delight and contentment did well appear in that meeting betwixt *Jacob* and *Joseph*, when mutuall lovs and separation for a while did more endear each to other.

Intermission of comfort hath this advantage, that it sweetens our delight more in the return, than was abated in the forbearance.

And was *Jacob* glad to leave his Countrey, and the Land of Promise, to see his younger son *Joseph*, though in *Egypt*? What then shall be the souls joy, to end a pilgrimage in a strange Land, and go to see her elder brother Christ in heaven? In this respect, *Cupio dissolvi*, I desire to depart, was Saint *Paul's* wish. For this tedious mortality, please it how man can, will grow intolerable, if death do not disburden it. Long living so loads us with sin, as sin it self tires at last him that loved it best.

It is an Inmate that will roost with us as long as life affords it house-room, nor will it lodge alone; but still one sin will bring in another.

But through death, the very body of death, and burthen of sin are cast out both together.

Sith

Sith then the life I now lead is beset with death, tends to death, ends in death, I will no longer mistake termes, calling that death which is life, that life which is death: *Hanc esse mortem, quam nos vitam putamus; Illam vitam, quam nos pro morte timeamus*, laying that is death which we esteem life, and that life which we fear as death, but will hold with Saint *Augustine*, *Per vitam ad mortem transitus est: per mortem ad vitam reditus est*; By life is a passage over to death, and by death a return to life.

*Death the Regeneration of the
Soul.*

I Think the Pagans had some sense of this, who did celebrate the day of their death with mirth, and the day of their birth with mourning. And the conceit of those Philosophers was divine, who held, that although the soul of man was then infused, when man was made, yet is it new born when man dies. His body being the wombe, death the mid-wife, which delivers that

that to sorrow, this to glory.

*Return thou to thy rest, O my soul !
for God hath dealt bountifully with
thee.*

I can no otherwise joy in my birth,
then did the Prophet *Jeremy*, who said,
*Let not the day wherein my mother bare
me, be blessed.*

Death unto the man of this world is
most bitter, but unto the man of God
it is advantage ; wherefore the Martyrs
and holy Confessors in old time re-
puted the day of their death their birth
day. The Christians celebrated ever
more the Funerals of the Martyrs, in-
sinuating that the day of our death, is
better than the day of our birth, and
that then only we begin truly to live
when once we dye. *Blessed is the hour
of our death, even so saith the Spirit,
Blessed are they that dye in the Lord,
for they rest from their Labour, and
their works follow them.*

If we observe mans ingress into
the world, his progress in it, his e-
gress out of it, we must needs won-
der, and say with *David*, *Lord, what
is man !* And yet he was a King that
said it.

Quis

*Quis pavet? Quis flet? Quis eget?
 Quis errat? solus (hensortēs!) Homo
 Sperat, optat, alget, voluit, explorat,
 queritur. Malorum omnia plena.*

Tell who are they that fear, and want,
 and groan,
 And alwayes erre? Ah sad fate!
 Men alone:
 Poor man hopes, wisheth, starves turns
 to and fro,
 Seeks and yet wants. So full is all
 of wo!

But to assure there are joyes in
 death, what saith the Scripture to well-
 dying men?

*Rejoyce, and lift up your heads, for
 now your Redemption draweth near.
 This body shall rise a glorious body, be a
 spiritual body, not in substance, but in
 quality; like that body of the Son of
 God.*

Unto you that fear God, saith the
 Prophet Malachy, the Sun of Right-
 teousness shall arise with healing in his
 wings.

The third General Divifion.

III.

When death is to be prepared for,
and how.

The time when.

PLato, that ~~deus~~ *Philosophia*, god
of Philosophy, faith, There is
nilla falutaris Philosophia, no safe Phi-
losophy, but *perpetua mortis meditatio*,
perpetual meditation of death. And
fine ista meditatione tranquille effe ani-
mo nemo potest, without that medita-
tion no man can enjoy a quiet mind.
Dreadful death laughs at the vain con-
ceits and precepts of humane tranquil-
lity. It is, faith *Scipio*, the most ho-
nourable Philosophy, to study a mans
mortality: *Mortis meditatio est vita*
fapientis, the life of a wise man is a
meditation upon death; Politicks
say, *Tota vita discendum est vivere*,
All our life we should be learning to
live. But faith *Seneca*, *Hoc magis*
miraberis,

miraberis, Tota vita discendum est mori, what thou wilt rather admire, All our life long we are to learn to dye. The Divine saith best, *Cogita de fine infinito, & vives in infinitum*, think upon thy endless end, and thou shalt live without end.

Fools would fain do at last, that which wise men do at first, prepare for their end. Careless men think the Signiory of time is at their command, to do what they list, when they list. Indeed youth and age are measured by government, not by time: Time itself is *mensura temporis*, the measure of time: but we must consider, we have little power over the present, less over the future. David's example is worth the following, who cried, *Betimes, Lord, let me know mine end and the measure of my dayes, what it is, and how long I have to live. All the dayes of mine appointed time, saith Job, I will wait till my changing shall come.*

Time it self, which covers all that is past, and discovers all that is to come, hath now had all his changes: Nature's time is past. The Law which succeeded is abolished. Now is the Gos-

pels time, after which there shall be no more changes.

Change (the great Master of the World) that hath this Time for his Agent, abuseth many with the hope of time. It is true, There is nothing our own but Time, which is a servant equal to all, holds pace, and flies as fast in idleness as in business.

So that though time well spent, diminishes our time, yet when it is employed in timely preparation, it lays up time as treasure for a future time: and this is rather a husbanding than consuming of time. *Diem perdimus*, we have lost a day, said *Vespasian*. He lives in safety, that watches his time: but in reckoning of time, most men mis-cast it, counting for first that which is last, and that last which is first; beginning the account from the day of birth, whereas our deaths-day is our first day; for the last of life, is the first day to life, we then ceasing to die, when we leave to live.

Solebat discere Fabianus; in tria tempora vita dividitur, Quod est, Quod fuit, Quod futurum est: Ex his, quod agimus, breve est: Quod acturi sumus,

sumus, dubium: Quod egimus, certum. Fabian was used to say, That life is divided into three times: that is, that was, that shall be: Of these, that which we have now, is short; that which we shall have, is doubtfull; that which we have past, is certain we are sure of.

Reckon first with time past, and you may make time to come certain. *Nondum venit hora*, the hour is not yet come, deceives many a Man; but when the Sun comes to the Meridian, the year to the Solstice, then look for a turning of thy dayes: impose an honest and happy necessity upon thy self, and think of dying timely.

The Scepticks put a *fortasse*, a peradventure, upon all things in the World. But, saith Saint *Augustine*, There is one thing in the World to be named, where this word *fortasse*, peradventure, had no place, except you speak of death; *Hic solum [fortasse] locum habere non potest*, in this case alone Peradventure can have no place.

It may be said of Death, as is of the Kingdom of Heaven, it comes not by observation. He lives not, that knows where, when, or how, it shall

shall die. Yet none lives, but knows he must die.

Mors omnibus finis, multis remedium, quibusdam votum: de nullis melius merita, quam quibus accidit, autem quam vocetur: Death is an end to all, a remedy to many, a wish to some, and deserves better of none, than those to whom it comes before it be called. Therefore said one, *Dementia est*, it is plain madness, it is more than folly, not to be prepared for death. *Sed si mortem venientem prameditamur, tunc superatur*, but if we premeditate of death as it comes on, we shall overcome it. The preparation for death, makes a fruition of life, *Nemo propter canos & rugas diu vixit*, no man can be said to have lived a jot the longer, because he hath gray hairs and wrinkles; yet never Man preserved himself from dying, by forgetting death. Gerson brings in an English Man asking a French Man, *Quot annus habes?* How many years hast thou lived: How many years old are you? His answer was, *Annos non habeo*, I cannot say that I have seen any years at all, I am of no years at all; but death hath forborn me these fifty years. Look

Look at Death thorow a perspective,
that so it may seem at hand, though it
be far off; *Ante senectutem curan-*
dum bene vivere, in senectute ben-
mori. Before old age we must take
care to live well, and in old age to
die well.

The very Heathens through Nature's
instinct, provided themselves for death
by sacrifices to their gods.

Frange Toros, Pete vina, Rosas cap,
Tingere nardo;

Ipse jubet mortis te meminisse Deus.

Do! Crack the beds, wine, roses, per-
fumes breath:

Yet God commands thee to remember
death.

A fair way of dying well.

Solomon saying, that the day of death
was better than the day of birth,
inferred that there was a fair way
of dying well, whereunto two things
were most requisite.

First, a timely preparation before
death, was most requisite.

Nam facile sustinet, qui expectat
mortem.

mortem; for he that expects death, will easily bear it.

That Oracle of Morall men, wise Seneca, was wont to say, *Sape debemus mori, nec volumus; morimur, nec volumus*, it is our duty to dye often, but we will not; and at last we dye whether we will or no. We ought often to prepare for death, and will not; at last, we dye indeed, and would not. *Cesar Borgia* being sick to death, said, When I lived, I provided for every thing but Death; now I must dye, and am unprovided to dye.

Previous preparation becomes a wise man; *Sed in hoc errore omnes versamur, quod non putamus nisi senes ad mortem vergere; citamur, nec sensu, nec etate. Mors, quo facilius obrepit, sub ipso vita nomine latet.* But we are all deceived with this error, that we think none but old men approach to death: neither experience nor age can work upon us; and death, that it may more easily surprize us, shrowds it self under the very name of life. He that sees the Basilisk before he be seen of it, avoids the payson: See death before it comes, you shall not feel it when it comes.

F

Pro-

Procrastination is the great enemy to preparation. This *vox Corvine*, this Crow's note, that alwayes cries, *Cras, cras*, to morrow, to morrow cozens many a man, making him *perdere hodiernum*, to lose to day, trusting upon to morrow, saith *Tibullus*; *Fama mala finissem letho, sed credula vitam Spes alit, & melius cras fore semper ait.* I had long since by death dispatch'd all ill,

But credulous hope promis'd life happier still.

But trust not to that, *Ille sapit quisquis, Posthume, vixit heri.*

—— Do not delay,
He, *Posthumus*, is wise, liv'd yesterday.

We pray daily; Lord, Give us this day our daily bread; *Dum dicitur hodie*, whilest it is called to day: we should remember, Life is but a day, *Dies nunc saculum*, 'tis but a day, not an age. Wherefore, saith *Solomon*, Talk not of to morrow, *nescis quid superventura pariet dies*, for thou knowest not what to morrow will bring forth.

By deferring we presume upon that we have not, and neglect that we have.

Quod

Quod in manu fortuna positum est,
disponimus; quod in tua est, dimittis;
we dispose of that which lies in for-
tunes hand, and neglect that which is
in our own; which made the Heathen
Poet; divino furore instinctus, stirr'd
with a divine rage, utter hoc salutare
carmen, this wholsom verse.

Optima quaque dies, miseris mortali-
bus, avi; Prima fugit.—

The best and choicest part of our short time,
Like distill'd liquors runs off in our prime.

Therefore, noli tardere, delay not to
prepare for death, till the approaches
of death; Recordare novissimum, &
non peribis in aeternum; Remember thy
last end, and thou shalt not perish for-
ever.

In evils to be prevented, delay is a
kind of ease, not so in good things.

Do therefore the work of the day,
in die suo, in its own day. No man can
promise himself a morrow.

(Serm:

Fleres, si scires unum tua tempora men-
Rides, cum non sit forsit a una dies;

'T would make thee weep, knew'st thou
but one months stay:

And yet thou laugh'est when't may be not one day.

Every man hath his day, *Jerusalem*, haddest thou known this but in this thy day; thou wouldest not, &c. *Est & dies hominis*, & *dies Domini*, there is both Mans day, and Gods day. When Mans day is past, then Gods day comes, *Nam vita est nisi vigilia*, for life is nothing else but a Watch. The Eve another day.

A Man, saith *Luther*, lives forty years before he knows himself to be a fool; and by that time he sees his folly, his life is finished. So men die before they begin to live.

The case therefore of those men is most unhappy, who after forty or fifty years of dayes, in their mis-spent time (for it was but *tempus*, time, not *vita*, life) and now ready to die, are even then to learn how to die, when they are in the act of dying.

Qua tam stulta mortalitatis oblivio. Inde velle vitam inchoare, quo paucis perduxerimus? What a silly forgetfulness is it of mortality, to think of beginning life at that time, to which few have attained to life?

To die well is too busie a work to be done well, *ex tempore*, of a sudden.

Deferring as well as presuming, makes many men implicate Atheists.

It was a sweet speech, and might well have become an elder body, which a young innocent Child of my own used in extremity of sickness, Mother, what shall I do? I shall die before I know what Death is. I beseech you, tell me what is Death, and how I should die. Death is the known'st and unknown'st thing in the World. *Certe multum interest; peccare aliquis nolit, an nesciat*, without question there is great difference whether a Man be unwilling to sin, or ignorant. But there is *nil miserius morienti, quam nescire mori*, nothing more miserable for a dying Man, than not to know how to die; nay, saith one, *Tolerabilius est non esse quam nescire mori*, 'tis more tolerable not to be, than to be ignorant how to die.

Sith then it is a thing as well natural as necessary for a Man to die, it is no thanks to a Man to pay that willingly, which he must do of necessity. But in paying of this debt, Wisdom counsels two things:

F 3

First,

First, to consider the time, when.

Secondly, the means, how.

For the time; Seek not Death in the error of thy life. Remember thy Creator in the dayes of thy youth; while the evil daies come not, nor the years approach, wherein thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in you. Before the silver Cord be loosed, the golden Ewe broken: Before the Almond-tree flourish; and the Grasshopper be a burden: Before the Keepers of the house shall tremble, the strong men bow, the grinders cease; they wax dark that look out of the windows, and the daughters of Musick be brought low.

Old Barzillai being in this case, refused all the pleasures of a Kings house, though he was kindly intreated by the King himself.

Age or sickness will make a Man unapt, either to compose, or dispose himself to death, *Tunc tibi carula fluunt ingrataque tempora*, Our time flows heavy then and sowre. It is no fit time then to prepare to die, when it is a burden to live; So in the Law, God required the first-fruits, not the lees, for his portion.

From the Womb

Womb of the morning thou hast the dew of thy youth.

Old age it self is a young death: Age doth sollicite Death, Youth scorns it. Thy best health affords but time good enough for this business. Therefore dedicate not all thy times to business, for that as well as sloth may rob thee of thy time. Some Talents improve most, by laying up.

Three signs of approaching Death.

DO you desire some signs of Death, before you prepare your self for death? *Tres sunt mortis nuntii, casus, infirmitas, senectus. Casus dubia, infirmitas gravia, senectus certa denunciat. Casus nunciat mortem latentem, infirmitas apparentem, senectus presentem:* There are three harbingers of death, chance, infirmity, old age; chance threatens it doubtful, infirmity troublesom, and old age certain; Chance foretells an hidden death, infirmity an apparent, old age a present; Age and sickness summon men to their dissolution.

When *Ezechiah* had been sick unto

death, he wrote thus, *In the cutting off my dayes, I shall go to the gates of the grave. I reckoned to the morning, I shall walk weakly all my years, in the bitterness of my soul.*

Thus it fareth with every Man, in age or sickness, when a man begins to be sick, his senses are wholly busied about the disease. The Physitian is then conferring with him of the state of his body : The Lawyer is then consulted with, about thy wordly estate : The Minister, touching thy soul's health : Thy friends are then unwelcome ; Strangers trouble thee ; Visits offend thee : thy own servants cannot please thee : Other mens discourses tire thee ; to speak thy self spends thee ; and to be silent grieves thee ; not to be told how thou doest, vexes thee ; to be told how ill thou art, discomforts thee ; but it most of all afflicts thee, to see thy wife and children (those pieces of thy self in another kind) weeping and lamenting by thee.

Thus miserably we poor men at this time are distressed, and distracted, made unfit for any thing. At the hour of death, perturbations arising from the

the greatness of griefs, and the nearness of death, have great force to disturb the senses, and will disable the heart from lifting it self up to God: For where dolours are, there will be our cogitations: every man in pain is prone to love his body better than his soul; therefore it is a madness in a business of the soul, to tarry and await for the worst disposition of the body. A lover of vertue, at the point of death, will secretly study how to avoid the pains of death, which at other times he despised. God knows, a due preparation for death requires all the faculties and strength of a sound, perfect, and whole man.

Think not to serve God with thy dotage, when thou hast served thy pleasures with thy youth; God for his service will have the young *Isaac* of thine age. You shall not see my face, saith *Joseph*, *except you bring your younger brother with you.*

Every man naturally, when he comes near the Goale of Death, even for some intrinsecal cause, though unknown to himself, is then weary of himself, and entertains life with a

tedious dislike. *Tunc injucunda est re-
pœnitenda recordatio*; then does the
remembrance of that which we
must repent afterwards, grow unplea-
sant, distasting every thing, ne-
glecting every thought of all humane
affairs.

Nec, juveni tuius qui placuere, juveni.
Those sports which youth did please,
To old age grow disease.

In the straits of death then he prays,
God deliver me! then he thinks, O
how I am straitned till it be accom-
plished! *Abyssus abyssum invocat*,
Depth calleth upon depth; sad words,
breathing sorrows.

But this should have been done, when
strength of understanding served; *Nam
serum est tunc vivere incipere, cum de-
finendam.* O anima peccatrix! O Ti-
pida & negligens, qua diu in vivis fu-
isti, &c. For it is too late to begin to
live then, when we are to give over.
O sinful soul! O cold and negligent
wretch, who whilest thou wast among
the living never lookd'st to heaven,
quid ages, what wilt thou do when thou
art to depart, *è corpore tantopere amo-
to*, from the body so excessively be-
loved.

loved? Then to see thy self besieged,
hinc doloribus, illinc angustiis mortis,
 on one hand with diseases, on the other
 with straits of death; the worm of con-
 science gnawing, evil spirits tempting
 to despairs, thine own thoughts cast-
 ing up thy sins. *Quid facies anima*
miserabilis? Quo te vertes? Compa-
rerere erit intolerabile, latere impossibile?
 Oh miserable soul, what wilt thou do?
 which way wilt thou be able to turn
 thy self? It will be intolerable for thee
 to appear, and impossible to lye hid.
 Therefore be wise, and defer not thy
 repentance to this time; for at this
 time these perturbations and confu-
 sions will make thee unfit, *cogitare de*
salute, to think upon thy salvation.
 Saint *Augustine* sayes well, *Nemo potest*
male mori qui bene vixit, nec bene mori
qui male vixerit. No man can dye
 amisse that hath lived well, nor dye
 happily that hath lived wickedly.
 Therefore, *ut tutius possis vivere, &*
mori securius, that thou mayest live
 more safely, and dye more constantly;
 Repent betimes.

The little Bee, so soon as flowers
 spring, goes abroad, views the gay
 Diapery,

Diapery, and the diversity of the flowery fields, sucks the sweetest of them, fraights her thighs, makes a curious combe, and so betimes hoards up Honey in Summer against the Winter.

Mors hyems est ; orate ne fiat fuga vestra hyeme : Death is that Winter, Pray that your flight be not in the Winter. Why is the Winter harder to the Grasshopper than to the Ant ? Prudence in one, and imprudence in the other differs them. To a wise heart, expectation of the event is a great advantage.

Think not thou the Winter of thine age, a time fit enough for this work. *Manna* must be gathered in the morning, the orient Pearl is generated of the morning dew.

It is too late, when time is past, before you begin. Happy is the man, who improves the dayes of his youth to the prevention of evil : Prevision is the best prevention. It is said of Father *Jacob*, who was a great Traveller, that before he dyed, *Pedes suos ad se collegit ; Sic tu animi pedes :* He plucked up his feet to him ; so do thou the feet of thy Soul. Those cogitations and
aff-ctions.

affections, *quibus vivens totum orbem peragrasti*, on which whilest thou livedst thou diddest wander over all the World; Gather them up, and then repose to rest. Begin not then to turn to God, when thou canst not turn thee in thy bed. None can be good too early. Christ in all his Examples meant our Instructions; he went up to the Temple in his Nonage. The four Ages of men are resembled to the four vigils of the night; *Prima pueritiam; Secunda adolescentiam; Tertia virilem; Quarta senectutem adumbrat*: The first signifies childhood; the second youth; the third manhood; the fourth old age: The first and last are sleepy ages, the other are the vigorous times. Therefore *paret se homo, praecingat se secunda & tertia*: let a man prepare himself, and make himself ready in the second and third watch. These are the watches Christ mentions for his coming: *Blessed is that servant whom his Lord when he cometh shall find so doing*: But if that servant say in his heart, My Lord delays his coming; the Lord of that servant will come in a day when he looks not for him.

R-

Repentance when to be practised.

Repentance also in the time of sickness is commonly as sick as the party; yielding then, when it cannot resist, and then preparing and repenting, when all other helps and hopes fail.

Eloquent Death, *in die suo*, in his day will tell thee, the happiness of timely repentance; an hour here may obtain a pardon, which all eternity cannot get hereafter.

Trust not long life, nor late repentance: One saith well, Play not the Courtier with your soul. The Courtier doth all things late, rises late, dines late, sups late, repents late.

Sera pœnitentia raro vera: Late repentance is seldome true.

The dew of thy birth is of the womb of the morning.

The end of time affords little time. *Omnis motus naturalis velocior est in fine*: All natural motion is more swift towards the end. Holy Job tells us, *If thy bones be full of the sins of thy youth, they will lye down with thee in the*

the dust. *Sed moriantur ante mortem
vicia, & ad iudicium non sequantur :*
But let thy sins dye before death, and
not follow thee to judgement. When
death hath folded up thy dayes, all op-
portunity is past. The cock crowed,
but that *Gallicinium*, cock-crowing;
so shrill a voice could not awake thee.
Therefore *Cygnicinium*, Swans-song,
that doleful musick must end the
Scene.

Do therefore by thy conscience, as
men deal with their Stewards, call it
to account *ante mortem*, & *audies
mortem dicentem*, *Non possis villicar
amplius*, before death, and thou shalt
hear death saying, Thou shalt be no
longer Steward: Ply time while you
have it, *Mercatum hanc vitam vita :*
*sed nec nundina post vitam, nec quaestui
locus*, Imagine thy life to be a market,
and that there is neither traffick, nor
gain to be made after it.

In a long mis-led life, we amasse
many sins; it will ask great labour to
quit them. Great labour and little
time suit not. Therefore work whilest
it is day: *The night cometh when no
man can work.* Watch and pray, Sir

oratio

oratio clavis diei, & sera noctis, Let prayer be the key of the day, and the lock of the night: Repent and be converted, saith S. Peter, that your sins may be blotted out when the time of refreshing shall come. Few and evil are the days of the longest-lived man; Yet to every man there is a *Triduum*, a space of three dayes lent: but sleep not *usque quatrimum*, until the fourth day, lest it be said, *He hath lien four dayes in the grave: Jam foetor*, And now stinketh.

One observeth, that God restored life to three men: to one in his bed, to another on the bier, to the third in the grave.

They that conceive sin in their hearts, are like to him that was dead in his bed. They that bring it forth to action, are like him that was brought forth dead on his bier; But they that defer and continue in sin, are like him that was four dayes dead and stank in his grave. The Primitive Church called them *Clinici Christiani*, Bedrid Christians, that prepared not for death, but upon their deaths bed. Job tells us, *if thy bones be full of the Sins of thy youth,*

youth, they will lye down with thee in the dust.

There is no safety in procrastinating; therefore flatter not thy self by the Theif's example, who repented, but in *illa hora*, that hour. That is not put for imitation, but to keep from despiration.

It is a strange thing to see that old men will not see Death, though it be before their faces; nor young men, though it stand at theit backs. The old gray-headed man to seem young, had coloured his hair black, but the devil told him he would not be so cozened.

Non omnes fallis; scit te Proserpina canum,

Thou canst not, fool, deceive all eyes; Death sees thee gray, through thy disguise.

If man marks things well, *Mundus ipse senescit*, the world it self grows old.

The common fashion is to put men in mind of their death, when we doubt they cannot live: Till the Physician find some ill symptoms, the Patient may not be disheartned with the name of death.

Zenas the Lawyer, and *Luke* the Physitian, must have given us over, before

before we will send for *Barnabas* the son of consolation : *Ubi desinit medicus, incipit Dominus*, When the Physician gives over, God begins, say most men. But at this time draw not the curtain before the sick, but let him see his sins; for he is the good Physician of my Soul that tells me of death, when he sees me live in sin. But the best physick the Patient liketh worst.

There is not any man so wicked, who with his good will, would dye in his sin; yet most men so live, as if they believed permission were the Article of their Faith all their life long, and the Article of remission of sins were reserved till the point of death. No man that truly repents is refused at any time, but many a one sins so long that he cannot repent.

Terrible will death be, when the dying man with grief for opportunity lost, will repent that ever he lived, and would count it happiness enough to dye, so he might then cease to be. But that will not be, *Quia mors est sine morte; semper vivit, semper occidit, sed nunquam præoccidit*, Because death is without death; alwayes lives

and alwayes killeth, but never kills outright. Death hath no death.

That which ends all, is without all end. Remember the foolish Virgins. It will be too late to prepare oil, when the Bridegroom is coming: the warning is given, *Be ye ready; for the Son of man comes at an hour; Non diei annum, aut mensetur; dum ne securitas per horam constet;* He sayes not an year, nor a month; because even they that are secure, are not certain of an hour. He saith, *Ecce venio sicut fur,* Lo, I come as a thief; that is, when you sleep best, and think least of him: *Dum nec mortem irruentem, nec judicem venientem, nec supplicium horrendum videmus;* When you neither see death rushing on, nor the Judge approaching, nor the horror of punishment. In hell men sleep not, because here they slept where they should have watched.

Settlement in Religion, is the best preparative for Death.

NOW as it is wisdom to be prepared for death; so if you will dye with peace of conscience, and without

without trouble of mind, be well resolved in point of Religion before you dye: play not the hypocrite, nor the politick, who cares not what Religion be, so some be; whose rule is *Religio ad morem, non ad rem pertinet*, Religion is matter of custome rather than of consequence.

It is true, that honest men must have somewhat of the Serpent, not all of the Dove. For policy and Religion do as well together, as they do ill asunder. Religion without policy is too simple to be safe: Policy without Religion is too subtil to be good. Worse than both is prophane Neutrality, or *Laodicean* coldness. Never any man was a loser by believing: for faith is ever recompensed with glory. While thou livest, it is not amiss to make doubts; for it shews wit to move a question well, and it shews judgement to resolve it well. Some questions argue rather faith than doubt. In multitude of opinions there is but one truth, and amongst sundry truths there is but one necessary to salvation. In points of difference, distinguish; for in reconcileable differences, nothing

is more safe than indifferency : But in main oppositions be not nenter ; for it is a less eye-sore to God to go upright in a wrong way, than to halt in a right way.

Though you move doubts, yet dwell not in doubt. For you shall find it a fearful thing to dye in doubt ; and the comfortablest thing under heaven, to bewell assured, and clearly resolved in the truth of your faith before you die.

Some love to see the object of their faith, and so are led to idolatry ; Others to co-operate in the work of their salvation, and so give part to merit : *Nil tibi tribuas*, Ascribe nothing to thy self, is safest. There's danger in ascribing too little to grace, for that robs God of honour. But if we ascribe too little to our selves, there is no danger on that side.

When this is done, then be of good cheer, for thou shalt hear Christ (the life of thy hope here, and hope of thy life hereafter) say unto thy sick soul, as he said unto the sinful woman, *Go in peace, thy faith hath saved thee, Enter thou into thy Masters joy.*

And

And let all conceited humanists remember what their Master Aristotle said when he died: *Anxius vixi, dubius morior*: O *Essentium*, *miserere mei*! I lived uncertain, I dye doubtful: O thou being of beings, have mercy upon me!

Sed parum prodest amodo miserere mihi,
But to say then, Have mercy Lord,
will be found but a bootles word.

Now of the way to dye well.

HE that would end his dayes well,
must spend them well: *Non est res magna vivere: Hoc omnes faciunt: sed pauci bene moriuntur*: 'Tis no great matter to live; all do as much: but few dye well. *Et illi Mors gravis incubat, qui notus nimis omnibus, ignotus moritur sibi*; But death falls sad and heavy upon such, Are little known at home, abroad too much. Man is ready to dye before he lives; but therefore he liveth a time in the world, that he may dye betimes to the world. *His years come to an end as a tale that is told*; his dayes deceive him, for they pass as a shadow, by Moonshine, then appear

ing longest, when they draw nearest to an end.

Things give counsel unto men, better than men do to the things. Here we dwell but in Tents; and Tents, we know, are set up to be taken down again shortly.

We that live here, live by death; for had not Christ died, we had not lived; He dyed for sin, we live in sin. Therefore with S. Paul I will say; *My life is not dear to me, so as I may finish my course with joy.*

Do you desire to live a long time? The Son of Sirach saith, *A man that is made perfect, in a short time fulfils a long time. Et vita ipsa, si scias uti, longa est;* And this short life if thou hast learned to use it well, is made long. The Spaniard saith, *Vir bonus bis vivit,* A good man lives twice.

Ampliat etatis spatium sibi vir bonus; hoc est Vivere bis, vita posse priore frui: All virtuous men make life's short inch an ell; This is to live double, to imploy life well. He lives twice that bestows the forepart of his life well.

Vincere scis Hannibal, uti victoria nescis, O Hannibal thou knowest how to

to get a Victory, but not how to use it.

Alexander had a good account of his age, reckoning by Victories, not by days; So should good men count their days by the good they do, or the sin they conquer in that day.

Numbring of days, saith St. *Augustine*, is not *numerus dierum quis sit*, how much is the number of thy dayes, but *qui sit*, of what sort, that's the golden number.

Tres sunt dies hominum, saith Saint *Hierome*, *dies conversionis*, *dies conversationis*, *dies resurrectionis*: Man hath three days, the day of his conversion, of his conversation, and of his resurrection. And thus doth one day certifie another.

Time, lent us, flies away in the time that is lent us; every moment coming, being the death of that past: Therefore weigh well every least moment; for it is of so great moment, as that upon it dependeth eternity of time to come, that eternity which is not bounded within the Kalendar of time: After a hundred thousand years eternity is still as long as it was.

THe Art of dying well, is better learnt by practice, than by precept.

Unto dying well, three things are most requisite:

1. First, to be often meditating upon death.
2. Secondly, to be dying daily.
3. Thirdly, to die by little and little.

The first step of dying well.

OFten meditation of death brings a Man to die in ease; for it alleviates pains, expells fears, eases cares, cures sins, corrects death it self. The very thought of eternity will please and make easie all things we suffer in a miserable life.

Quomodo non morimur, cum vivimus cum mortuis? How can we be said not to die, when we live among the dead? We live with so many deaths about us, as we cannot but often think of dying.

Every humour in us engenders diseases enough to kill us, so that our bodies are but living graves; and we die, not because we are sick, but be-

cause we live: And when we recover from sickness we escape not sickness, but the disease: All this life is but a death of an hour.

Do as the Preacher counsels; What thou hast to do, that do quickly; For in the grave, whither thou goest, there is neither work, nor discourse, nor travel, nor wisdom, nor conversation, nor fruition of any thing; all is entombed in sadness, darkness overshadowing it.

Play then the Wise-mans part. Measure not life, *spatio sed actu*, by the extent, but imployment. Life is ordained for action, not for fruition. If thou hast any good to do for the Church, the Common-wealth, or thy friends, *fac citò*, do it quickly: for though he be happiest that can enjoy little with the peace of an honest heart, yet if thou hast much goods laid up in store, make thee friends with Mammon: *nam bona tua sunt bona, si sis bonus*, for thy goods are then truly good, if thou beest good. Though security rest in a mean estate, yet there is pleasure in abundance; and for a spiritual end, temporal blessings may all ac-

be desired. *Abraham* was rich in great measure: but rich in faith above measure. But sing not a *requiem* to thy soul; nor say vainly; *Vivamus dum vivimus: fors fortuna, ut volet, ordinet*, Let us live merrily as long as we live, and let fortune dispose all at a venture as she pleaseth: for so doth a mind uncertain of success relieve it self with possibility: *sed si cor tuum non esset fatuum, non crederes fatuum*: but if thy heart were not foolish, thou would'st not believe a fool. Wisdom is fortune's mistress; wait on her, and remember, *Hac nocte*, this night. The day of vanity being past, the night of judgement comes: when both light and delight go out together.

Excellently doth the Book of Wisdom descry the thoughts of a vain voluptuous Man, one that thinks himself *Deus terra*, the God of the earth, when he is but *terrens Deus*, an earthly God. This Man reasoning with himself, but not aright, saith, Our life is short and tedious; against death there is no remedy, from the grave there is no returning; we are born at all adventures, and hereafter shall be,

as if we had never been: Our breath is smoak, a little spark in our hearts, which being extinct, our body turns to ashes; and our spirit vanishes like soft air. Come on therefore, let us enjoy the good things that are present, let us fill our selves with costly wine and ointments: let no flower of the spring pass by us: Let us crown our selves with Rose buds; leave tokens of our jollity; for this is our portion, and our lot: let our strength be the law of justice, for that which is feeble is nothing worth.

The righteous Man is not for our turn, he is always contrary to our doings, he upbraideth us with the law, objects to our infamy the transgression of our education. He was made to reprove us: He is therefore grievous to us, his life is not like other mens, his ways are of another fashion.

Such things these vain men have imagined, but they are deceived: when they cast up the accompt of their own sins, they shall come with fear and say with sorrow, This was he whom we had sometimes in derision, and made a Proverb of reproch. We
fool

fools accounted his life madness, and his end to be without honour.

But how is he now numbred amongst the happy, and his lot amongst the Saints? What hath pride profited us, or what hath riches with our vauntings brought us? All these are passed away like a shadow, and as a Post that runneth by. This verifies that saying, *Breve est quod delectat, sed aeternum quod cruciat*. That which is delightful, is but short; but that which shall torment, is eternal.

In vain doth Man strive to have that which he cannot enjoy, or to enjoy much by meer relation. The rich Man hath not so much advantage of the poor by enjoying, as the poor hath of the rich by leaving.

Sadly and suddenly shalt thou find all worldly pleasures turned into walking dreams.

Dormierunt somnum suum, & nihil invenerunt omnes viri divitiarum: They have slept their sleep, and all the men of riches have found nothing, saith the Psalmist, *Psal 76. 5.*

Notwithstanding Man while he lives, fancies many things, and covets

without end; but all to no end. *Et qua parâsti, cujus erunt?* and whose shall those things be which thou hast gotten? Either they pass from you, or you from them. *Non est nostrum, quod non est semper nostrum*, That is not ours, which is not alwayes ours: but these things, *Si non habent finem suum, habebunt finem tuum*, if they have not an end of their own, yet they will have thy end. All the towers in the air that thou hast built, *uno illo prosternentur*, shall be thrown down at one blow. Ere long, two ells of earth shall serve, whom scarce a world could satisfie.

Privacy with Death, a sovereign Cordial against Death.

Therefore be acquainted with Death betimes; for through acquaintance death will lose his horrou; like unto an ill face, though it be as formidable as a monster, yet often viewing will make it familiar, and free it from distast: walk every day with *Joseph* a turn or two in thy garden with death,

death, and thou shalt be well acquainted with the face of death, but shalt never feel the sting of death; death is black, but comely. *Philostrophes* lived seven years in his Tomb, that he might be acquainted with it against his bones came to lie in it.

Some Philosophers have been so wrapt in this contemplation of death and immortality, that they discourse so familiarly and pleasingly of it, as if a fair death were to be preferred before a pleasant life.

This is well for natures part; and Moralists think this enough for their part to conceive so: But Christians must go further; and search deeper: They must try where the power of death lies, They shall find that the power of every Mans death lies in his own sins.

That death never hurts a Man, but with his own weapons: It always turns upon us some sin it finds in us. *The sting of death is sin*: Pluck out the sting, death cannot hurt us. The way to die well is to die often. Let a Man often and seriously think of dying, then let him sin if he can, said *Picus Mirandula*.

randula. And herein is our happiness; though we live in sin, yet we die without sin; Therefore to me death is welcome, not as an end of troubles, but of sin.

The second Step.

THe second Step to dying well, is to die daily.

Morior ne Moriar, I die that I may not die. I die daily, saith Saint Paul. *Singulos dies, singulas vitas puta; quoniam enim omnes dies tanquam vitam ordinat, crastinum nec optat, nec timet*. So many days as thou livest, reckon for many lives; for he that disposeth all his dayes as one life, can neither wish, nor fear to morrow.

The old saying is a good one, Do that every day which thou would'st do the same day that thou die'st. *Bonum est consumere vitam ante mortem*, 'Tis an excellent thing to make all we can of life before death: But most men *de vita exeunt, antequam de morte cogitant*, go out of life before they think of death. Let be done willingly, what we must do necessarily; and what we can do but once, let that be done well.

Yield

Yield that readily as a gift, which you must pay, as a debt at last. Did men think that death were only an end of life, and no more: every Man for his own ends would be a disturber of the worlds peace while he lived, and make his own peace but just when he died.

He that dies daily, seldom dies dejectedly; *facile contemnit mortem, qui se quotidie moriturum putat*, he does easily despise death who remembers himself to be mortal every day: likewise, he that will live when he dies, must die while he lives. For if he die not to sin while he lives, his sin will live in him when he is dead.

The widow that lives in pleasure (saith Saint Paul) is dead while she lives. Live holily, and you shall die happily: Live as though there were no Gospel, but die as though there were no Law. *Studeto talem esse in vita qualem velis reperiri in morte*; Strive to be such in thy life, as thou wouldest desire to be at death.

Two sorts of Death, whereto every man living is subject.

A Living man is subject to a double death; the one natural, the other spiritual. Natural death doth but separate the body from the soul: But spiritual death separates the soul from God. Of all other, it is the most desperate state of life to live naturally, and to be dead spiritually: *Thou hast a name to live, but thou art dead*, said St. John of the Church of Sardis. But of the Prodigall child, returned from his evil wayes, it is said, *This my son was dead, but is now alive.*

In Sardis there grew an herb called *Appium Sardis*, that would make a man lye laughing when he was deadly sick: Such is the operation of sin. Beware therefore of this *Risus Sardonicus*, laughter of Sardis.

We count it a fearfull thing for a man to be authour of his own death, but a sinful life slays the soul, and so while we live we kill or lose our better life. The Commandment that sayes, *Thou shalt not kill*, specially forbids the murdering of our own Souls. Cet-

Certainly that which deprives us of our better life, makes of all other the worst death.

It is therefore holy wisdom for a man to let his sins dye before him. *Morianur ante te vitia*, Let thy vices dye before thee, they actually, thou virtually: that so when thou art to dye indeed, thou have nothing else to do, but dye.

Mortem horres amaram, subitam, turbulentam: vis placidam, piam, quietam? in tua est potestate, qualem vis efficere, Thou art afraid of a bitter, sudden, troublesome death: wouldest thou have it delightful, and holy, and quiet? it is in thine own power to make it such as thou wouldest have it.

If Riches, Honours, Pleasures, have taken thee, leave them ere they leave thee; and say unto them, as *Job* said to his friends, *Miserable comforters are you all*.

Turba ejicitur, ut puella excitetur, the company is put forth that the maid may be raised, saith Saint *Mark*. Thy Soul lyes as that Damosel in trances of death, while she is in the chambers of pleasure, and is not raised to life; *An-tequam*

tequam turba curarum & deliciarum mundanarum ejicitur, untill that troop of worldly cares and pleasures be thrust out.

There is nothing wherein wisdom is more seen, than in the temperate use of pleasures and prosperity ; (which are but false notes of truth) nor is there a truer argument of folly then vaineſſe and exceſſe.

Oculi ſtultorum ſemper in finibus terra: The eyes of fools are alwayes in the ends of the earth, but trail not after them.

Sufficit diei dolor ſui, ſufficient for the day is the ſorrow thereof : A dayes ſickneſſe will make us ſenſible of lifes grief: yet if life do delight thee (be-
cauſe Ironies do deny ſtrongeſt in affirming) *utere fruere*, uſe it, enjoy it. But take my counſell, keep life in exerciſe of ſome calling. For you ſhall find that exerciſe is no more whoſome for the body then the ſoul ; *Non eſt res delicata vivere*, 'tis no delicate matter to live ; we muſt labour in ſome calling. Wherefore to ſee wel-born men to deſpiſe honeſt callings, as now adays they do, is a pride without. And though
 pride

pride and idleness have at this day banished thrifty diligence out of great mens houses, yet we see gallant *Abraham* was a great Sheepmaster : *Uzziah* the Potent King of *Juda* had not been so great a King, had he not been so great a husband : Good examples to teach us, That the fortunes of great men, and the bravery of Courtiers, must be built upon the grounds of Frugality ; Frugality and Humility are thriving virtues : Were a Calling but to keep a man from idleness, it were a goodness : for the industrious man is seldome at leisure to sinne ; whereas the idle man hath neither leisure nor power to avoid sin. Industry in any calling makes a man capable of better employment, whereas Idlers are fit for nothing but temptations.

Time spent in hollow visits, *id est*, Courtings, Fantastick dressings, Lawless disports, all turn to loss.

But however thou entertainest life, use it as a traveller doth his Inne, for a night and away : *Heri appulisti, Cras decedes* : yesterday thou arrivedst at it, to morrow thou art to depart. And in thy journey follow not the common track :

track : *Nam ad Deum facienti iter, per trita si iter, longius abitur* : For he that goes to God, if he go the common roade, goes a great way about. But do as a doubtfull Pilgrim, ask questions of every one you meet, to set you on your way, lest, as Saint *Paul* saith, a promise being made us of entering into rest, we come short of it. Herein be as great a questionist, as were those religious Ladies of *Rome*, who never let Saint *Hierome* rest for questions, Which was the readiest way to heaven? The world is full of questions, but the best question in the world, is that of the young man in the Gospel; *Good Master, what shall I do that I may have eternal life?* Some mens questions are instructions, and are meant to teach rather than to learn. Yet in any case be none of those Quarrists, who must have a reason for every thing in Religion; who think to come to God by cunning, and by reason, not by faith. As if none but good wits could ever come to God. But this is true; Humane reason well improved makes us the more capable of Divine. Therefore it is an ignorant conceit, that skill should

should make men *Atheists*, when we find it in the Gospel, that no men were so apt to see the Star of Christ, as those wise men, the disciples of Philosophy.

Be dying daily, and you shall soon come to God. If a Man would compare the forenoon of his age with the afternoon; and observe how long the one is, and how short the other is, every man would be dying daily, and loath to lose a day.

Palmares posuisti dies meos, Thou hast made my dayes as an Handbreadth: according to *Dauids* measure, life is a Span; the longest liver hath but a handfull of dayes; and life it self like a Circle, always begins where it ends.

Erat, quando non erat; sed erit. It was when it was not, but it shall be.

Time was, when Man was not: but how late a beginning soever Man had, yet after death he shall be sure never to see end; therefore remember the Christian Motto, *Annos aternos semper in mente habe*, Have in thy thoughts always the years of eternity.

With the *Ancient of dayes* there are no dayes; And the time shall be when

when time shall be no more. *Supra est quod superest*; that which is over and above, is only above.

Two common Errours.

THere are two common errors which deceive most men.

First, that a Man enters not into eternal life till he dies; whereas he calling here begins his life eternal.

This day is salvation come unto thy house, said Christ to *Zacchæus*, when he called him from the Tree.

Faith prevents time, and makes things future, present.

A pious Man so lives here, as if his conversation were in Heaven, carrying himself not only honestly, civilly and humanely, but beyond natural comportment: his present life seems super-humane, divine and spiritual; and by leading a life heavenly, begins Heaven here. *Blessed is he*, saith St. John, *that bath his part in the first Resurrection*, for the second death shall have no power over him.

The second error is, However a Man lives, yet if at last he seem to

die well, then all is well, and his soul is sure to be saved: This is a bold and a dangerous conceit; for though Misery be the object of Mercy, and Hope the miserable Mans god; yet humane life, as it hath not a greater friend, so many times not a greater foe than Hope. *Dilatio boni habet rationem mali*, the delay of good is a certain kind of evil; suspended hope is but a sad comfort.

Yet many would die, did not hope sustain them: but more have died flattered with vain hope.

Not every one that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

Enter into the first degree of life eternal here, or thou must die eternally, with *Lord have mercy upon me*, in thy mouth.

Wherefore I desire to have my part here in the first Resurrection, which is from sin to grace: that so I may enjoy the second Resurrection, which is from dust to Glory.

Thou hast brought me, saith David, out of the dust of death.

To

To die by little and little, the third step.

THe third step to dying well, is to die by little and little. Naturally we are every day dying by degrees: the faculties of our minds, the strength of our bodies, our common senses are every day decaying *paulatim*, by little and little: every sin is more than a disease, and a wicked life makes a continual death. *Impie vivere est diu mori*, To live wickedly is to be long dying; Therefore saith the good Man, *Toto die mortificamur*, We are killed all the day long.

He that useth this course every day to die by little and little, to him let Death come when it will, it can neither be terrible nor sudden.

If we keep a Courser to run a Race, we lead him daily over the place to acquaint him by degrees with all things in the way, that when he comes upon his speed, he do not start or turn aside for any thing he sees. So let us inure our souls, and then *we shall run with boldness the race that is set before us.*

To die by little and little, is first

to

to mortify our lesser sins, and not to
lay with *Lot*, *Is it not a little one?*

We may not wash our hands of crying, and from bloody sins; and hug in our bosomes beloved and Herodian sins, sins of higher tincture; *Hic est tolerare, non tollere peccata*, this is to bear with, not to bear away sin. Saint *Augustine* sayes finely, *Delicta dilecta sunt relinquenda*, Delinquencies delighted in are to be forsaken. Men commonly discard those sins they can best spare, but retain those they love best; and by changing them into better terms, would turn them from being sins; as *Pride*, that discontented sin, must be counted *State*; *Vanity*, *Civillity*; *Diffimulation*, *Courtship*; *Anger*, *Courage*; *Wantonising*, a trick of youth; *Swearing*, *genus quoddam sermonis, non peccati*; a certain kind of discourse rather than of sin; but take heed, specially of these sins, that make a virtue a sin, and sin to seem a virtue.

Multa enim vitia se virtutes esse mentiuntur, for many vices counterfeit themselves to be virtues. A man, saith *Plato*, may do ill; but to disguise it, or defend it, is to outface Truth.

Sins

Sins property is to work upon some vice, but to be proud in that you are not proud, is a *Phoenix*-pride. So, to be drunk for company is a sin worse then sin: for other sins move not shame, but hide it; this displayes it. Therefore forced healths at great Feasts is a barbarous fashion: At *Assuermus* Feast every mans rule was his own choice; and the civility of very Pagans commanded liberty of their cups.

It is hard to commit a single sin; yet of sinners, if either party be wise, both may escape.

They cannot want retentives from sin, that live either amongst friends or enemies: for, friends may not be grieved; enemies may not be provoked.

Be wise therefore in good fellowship; no man is so wicked as to be addicted to all kind of vices; for betwixt some vices there is an antipathy, nor is any man so lewd as not to be sometimes in good moods, and dislike some sins. The world were not to live in, if all sins were affected by all men. But certainly great sins will never be conquered, if little sins be cherished:

formal

Normal-penitents will easily part with so much of their sin, as may abate nothing of their profit.

There be also a sort of little deaths, as sickness of body, loss of friends and the like. Use these in their kind, and you may make them kindly helps to dying well.

Modest beginnings have hopeful proceedings, and happy endings; proceed therefore by degrees. The Prophet David went, *suspensio gradu*, step by step, and so compassed Gods Altar; God himself made nothing absolute at first. This great God loves to have degrees kept.

Degreeingly to grow to greatness is the course of the world.

Wherefore they say in Court, He is out of the danger of folly, whom a speedy advancement leaves wise.

Omnis mutatio est quadam mortis imitatio, every change is a certain imitation of death. Let a man go out as he came into the world; which was, first by a life of *Vegetation*, then of *Sense*, afterwards of *Reason*.

David prescribes us this order, when he says, *Doce me & duce me, Domine,*

O Lord, teach me and guide me. He will not run, till he be taught to go.

Teach me to do thy Will, and lead me, O Lord, into the Land.

What Land is that? There is *terra quam terimus*, Land on earth, which by labour yields us all pleasure: that's not it.

There is *terra quam gerimus*, refined earth, beautified bodies which we bear about us; nor is this it.

There is *terra quam querimus*, the glorious Land of Promise; that's the Land we seek. Into this Land, *Duc me, Domine*, O Lord, lead me.

For the manner of dying.

AMongst men it is a matter of chief mark, the manner of a mans death. *Summum hominis bonum, bonus ex hac vita exitus*, The chief Good of man is his good departure out of this life.

Before you dye, set your house in order: He that hath not a house, yet hath a soul: no soul can want affairs to set in order, for this finall dissolution.

The

The chief grace of the Theatre is the last Scene. It is the Evening that crowns the day, and we think it no good sign of a fair morrow, when the Sun sets in a cloud: *Finis coronat opus*, The end crowns every work. Yet I perswade my self, that night cannot but be happy, whose day hath been holy.

David in a deep Contemplation upon the manner of mans dying, ingeminate the word, saying, *Domine, Domine, exitus Mortis*, O Lord, Lord, the issues of death belong to thee.

Live religiously, and thou shalt dye comfortably.

All men, as men, dye naturally; as Christians, should dye religiously. The goodman can equally live or dye; for he knows, if he live, God will protect him; if he dye, God will receive him.

Be faithful unto death, and I will give thee a Crown of Life, saith Christ.

Now when this great Adversary, like a proud Giant, comes stalking out in his fearful shape, and insults over our frail Mortality, daring the world to match him with an equal Champion, while an whole host of worldlings shew

shew him their backs for fear, the true Christian (armed only with confidence and resolution of his future happiness) dares boldly encounter him, and can wound him in the forehead (the wonted seat of Terror) and trampling upon him can cut off his head with his own Sword, and victoriously returning, can sing in Triumph, *O death where is thy sting?* An happy victory, we dye and are not foyled, yea, we are conquerors in dying; we could not overcome death, if we dyed not. That dissolution is well bestowed, that parts the soul from the body, that it may unite both unto God. All our life here is but a Vital death, how advantageous is that death that determines this false and dying life, and begins a true one, above all the titles of happiness! The Epicure or Sadduce dare not dye, for fear of not being. The guilty and loose worldling dares not dye for fear of being miserable. The distrustful and doubting Semi-Christian dares not dye because he knows not, whither he shall be, or miserable, or not be at all. The resolved Christian dares, and would dye, because he knows he shall be happy;

happy ; and looking merrily towards
heaven (the place of his rest) can un-
feignedly say, I desire to be dissolved.
I see thee, my home, I see thee (a sweet
and glorious home after a weary pil-
grimage) I see thee, with admiration
and ravishment of Soul ! and by the
goodly beams that I have seen, guessed
at the glory that is above them ! How
oft have I scorned these dead and un-
pleasant pleasures of earth, in compa-
rison of thine ! I come now, my joyes,
I come to possess you.

Most men with a short Death, be-
cause Death is alwayes accompani-
ed with pain. *Morimur gementes,*
we dye groaning. To lye but an hour
under Death is tedious, but to be
lying a whole day we think beyond the
strength of humane patience : He
that desires to be dissolved and be
with Christ, dyes not patiently ; but
dyes patiently, and dyes delightfully.
Happy he that after due prepara-
tion, dyes ere he be aware ; So is he
happy that by long sickness sees
Death a far off ; for the one dyes like
Elias, the other like *Elisha*, both bles-
sedly.

H

The

The best posture to be found in when death comes, is in the exercise of our calling: *Press*, saith Saint Paul, *towards the mark for the prize of the high calling.*

When thou art heavy unto death, then shew a lively Faith, for at that time a stupid patience is worse than passion.

When thou art speechless, use that *Silentium loquens*, speaking-silence, tears from thy heart, *Tacuit Petrus, sed fleuit*, Peter was silent, but he wept, and it was accounted to him for eloquence; *Nam affectum prodidit*, for it discovered his affection. A tear is but a dissolved pearl, a pearl but a condensed tear; At this time turn words into tears, and they will turn pearls. He that made the mouth is not taken with words.

A broken and a contrite heart, O Lord, thou wilt not despise.

When thou art dying, lie sorrowing for thy sins, yet not despairing; for there is joy in grief, where the sorrow is for sins; *I am the Man*, saith Jeremy, *that have seen sorrows*: But this *dolor peccati*, grief for sin, makes *gaudium doloris*,

doloris, a joy in sorrow. *There is more joy in Heaven for one sinner that repenteth, then, &c.*

Before thou diest vow thy soul to God, *nam qui jubet ut voveas, juvat ut reddas*, for he that commands thee to vow, will help thee to pay. Offer sacrifice upon the Altar of thy heart; If thou hast not a Lamb, that is, meekness; or a Bullock, that is, bountifulness; yet a young Pigeon, that is, wel-wishing; or a pair of Turtles, that is, *gemitus*, a groan; a sound of sorrow that thou hast no better. God loves not empty hands, so he measures fulness by the affection.

Those that have most studied Men and stories, do observe that the greatest Men and best Wits, when once they come to find their own mortality, do then with strongest resolution quit the World, apply wholly to devotion, and so end their daies with most quietness in peace.

A good Man, by his good will would die praying; and do as the Pilgrim doth, go on in his way singing, and so adds the pains of singing to that of going; Yet by this surplus

of pain, unwearies himself of pain.

But some wretches think God rather curious, than they faulty, if a few sighs, with a [*Lord have mercy upon us*] be not enough at the last gasp.

Weakness must not argue, but yield; God hath said it, and they shall find it.

Not every one that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven; but he that doth the Will of my Father which is in Heaven.

Commonly good men are best at last, even when they are dying: for they seldom die of a sin-sickness.

It was a speech worthy the commendation, and frequent remembrance of so divine a Bishop as *Augustine*, which is reported of an aged Father in his time; who, when his Friends comforted him on his sick bed, and told him, they hoped he should recover, answered, If I shall not die at all, well; but if ever, why not now? Surely it is folly, what we must do, to do unwillingly. I will never think my soul in a good case; so long as I am loth to think of dying; and will make this my comfort, not, that I shall yet live longer, but, I shall yet do more good.

The

The sickness of the soul hath this advantage of the bodies sickness; it never languishes under the Physicians hand; when it seems at worst, then it is best; no sooner saith *David*, *I am sick*; but *Nathan* tells him, Thou art well: no sooner sayes he, *I have sinned and must die*, but the Prophet tells him, *The Lord hath put away thy sin, thou shalt not die*. Thus doth repentance make pardon coetaneous with the fault.

But it is just with God, that they who live without repentance should die without comfort. Wo is him whose bed is made in Hell! Know this and believe it, all our happiness here is holiness, and holiness hereafter shall be our happiness.

There is no spectacle in the world so profitable, or more terrible, than to behold a dying Man; to stand by, and see a Man dismanned. Curiously didst thou make Man in the lowest part of the earth, saith *David*: but to see those Elements which, compounded, made the body, to see them divided, and the Man dissolved, is a ruful sight. So dependent is the life of Man, that

it cannot want one Element; Fire and Aire, these flie upward; Water and Earth, these sink downwards; so living Man becomes a dead carcase; *The breath of Man goeth out, he turns again to Earth, and then all his thoughts perish.* And what is Man but for his thoughts?

Every dying Man carries Heaven and Earth wrapt up in his bosom, and at this time each part returns homeward.

Seneca thought a Man might choose his own death; which was some ease to him. *Quemadmodum navim eligam navigaturus & domum habitaturus; ita mortem utique qua sum exiturus è vita.* As, being to sail, I may be allowed to choose my ship; and, to dwell in any place, my house: so it is as meet that I choose that kind of death, by which I shall depart from this life. But better saith another, *Stultè hæc cogitantur: vitam aliis approbare quisquam debet, mortem vero sibi;* These things are foolishly cared for; every man ought to approve his life to others, but his death to himself alone.

But since it is so great a matter to die,

die, so necessary to die well, so dangerous to die ill, let your life be an acting of death. That life is well adventured, where it is a gain to lose it.

Certainly death hath great dependency on the course of Mans life, and life it self is as frail as the body which it animates.

Augustus Caesar bonam mortem putabat celerem, & insperatam, quam nulla agitudine pulsaret fores: Augustus Caesar accounted this to be the best death which is quick and unexpected, and that beats not at our doors by any painful sickness. So often as he heard of a Man that had a quick passage, with little sense of pain, he wished for himself that *Euthanasie*: While he lived he used to set himself between his two friends, *Suspiria & Lachryma*, groans and tears. When he died he called for his Looking-glass, commanded to have his Hair and Beard kembered, *Et malas labentes corrigi*, his riv'led Cheeks smoothed up. Then asking his friends if he acted his part well, *Cum, Ita, responderint; Vos omnes igitur, inquit, plaudite*: When they answered, Yes; why then, says he,

do you not all clap your hands for me ?

Alexander the Great did ask the *Indian* Philosopher how long a man should live : saith he, Until he think it better to dye than live ; but *Saint Paul* is our best pattern, who being weary of the world, desiring to be dissolved, cryed out, (*voce tamen desiderantis, non desperantis*, as one desiring rather than despairing,) *O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death !*

There be many that choose rather to dye quickly, than to live long sickly : *Vitam desiderant non longam sed latam* ; They desire not a long life, but a merry ; yet better were it for them *aliquando egrotare*, to be sick sometimes, than *continuè valere*, to be alwayes in health. For *vitiosa sanitas*, a wicked health will make them thank Nature, and forget God.

Some on the other side will invite Death to do them the kindness to take them soon out of the world, counting a short death, the happiest passage of a man's life ; yet a little while, and he that shall come, will come, and will not tarry. If life come once to be a dis-

displeasure, then death comes to do
us a pleasure : and for this (saith Tully)
a man is most beholding to Nature :
Quod unum introitum ad vitam dedit,
exitus vero multos , because she gave
only one entrance to life , but many
wayes to go out : *Sed non sic itur ad*
astra , but this is not the way to hea-
ven. Christians know better wayes,
as how to live in grace, that they may
dye in peace ; *In pace ad pacem* , in
peace into peace : and to whom this
grace is given , for them glory is re-
served.

O, saith a good man, how safe is the
condition of Gods children , whom
very pain easeth , death revives , sin
glorifies !

Yet there is not the strongest body,
nor holiest Saint on earth, but at point
of death, is subject to some trepidations
and qualms of fear. For the soul
which comes into the body without
any sensible pleasure, goes not out of
the body without the sense of pain. And
it troubles many a good soul to see
men of the best lives, to have distem-
pered and perplexed ends. Some raving,
some despairing, some dying suddenly ;

denly; and seldome any have so bitter draughts, as those whom God loves best.

Natural distempers.

IT is fit therefore to take notice of the natural causes. Despair in dying, may as well arise from weakness of nature, as from trouble of mind: but by neither of these can he be prejudiced, that hath lived well.

Mark the righteous, and behold the perfect, for the end of that man is peace: His body may be sick, but his mind is sound: for *God maketh all his bed in his sickness,* and in the instant of a sharp separation, his soul finds it self happy: for he knows, *Si durius seponitur, melius reponitur,* though it be put off painfully, yet is it laid up joyfully.

Raving, and other strange passions, are many times rather the effect of the disease, than coming from the mind. For upon Death's approaches, choler fuming to the brain, will cause distempers in the most patient Soul. In these cases, the fairest and truest judgment

ment to be made, is, that, sins of sickness occasioned by violence of disease in a patient man, are but sins of infirmity, and not to be taken as ill signs or presages; *Filius tantarum lachrymarum*; A son of so many tears, cannot but be saved, said the good Matron, when she saw her son at worst: I will not despair in respect of that mans impatient dying, whom the worm of conscience had not devoured living.

Seldom any enter into glory with ease: yet the Jews say of *Moses*, his soul was sucked out of his mouth with a kiss: Some have their passion in death that is bitter, because it is inward: some before death, that is better, because it is outward.

David in this case, the better to make his way, prayed and cryed, *Lord, spare me a little. O spare me, that I may recover my strength before I go hence and be no more.*

Indeed to *Ezekias* some years of dayes were lent; but we are not worthy of that favour; we must not expect that God will bring back the shadow of degrees, when once it is gone

gone down in the Dial of *Ahaz* ; we must time it as we may , and be content to live and die at uncertainties.

Therefore as a sick Man hearkens to the clock , so let us watch death. For sudden coming of death , finding a weak soul unprepared , makes it desperate , and leaves it miserable.

What death is to be accounted sudden.

Sudden death of it self is not therefore evil , because it is sudden , but because it may take us away suddenly , our souls unprepared. The good Man never dies unprepared , because his perseverance in goodness is a providence against sudden death.

To a Man well prepared , sudden death is but a quicker passage , and is not to be accounted a sudden death , but a sudden departure , because it came not unlook't for.

Though the righteous be prevented by Death (saith the Book of *Wisdom*) yet shall he be at rest , because he hath made his peace before-hand. His departure is no misery , for his hope is full of eternity. *Ezechiel* the Prophet

phet (so often styled *Son of Man*) to him God sayes, *I take away from thee the delight of thine eyes*, (which was his Wite) *with a stroke suddenly*, and yet thou shalt not weep.

Let not present pleasures of life allure, nor cares thereof possess thee; then cannot sudden death surprize thee.

Improvisa nulli Mors, cui provida Vita; Death can no man snap unawares, whose life is full of holy cares. But if a Man do not prepare to die, he may live seven years in a Consumption, and yet die a sudden death. For any time is sudden to him that is unprepared.

They take their mark amiss, who judge a Man by his outward behaviour in his death: If you know the goodness of a Mans life, mis-judge him not by any strangeness of his death.

Though other men can best judge of our actions, yet a Mans heart can best judge of himself. When a Man comes to be judged, his life, and not the manner of his death, shall give the evidence, with, or against him. Many that live wickedly, would seem

to

to die holily, more for fear to be damned in the opinion of people, than for any love to goodness. To these men there is *malum triplex quod manet in septima*, a threefold evil which remains to the last; Which is *Horror in exitu*, *Dolor in transitu*, *Pudor in conspectu Dei*, Fear in their departure, Grief in their passage, Shame when they come in the sight of God. If my life please God, I am sure my death shall pleasure me. Christ never leaves any of his at parting. *Elisha* would not leave *Elija* though he put him off twice, because he knew there was a blessing to come when they parted. It is a great happiness to die in ease. That Mans end is easie, whom death finds with a weak body, and strong soul. *Quis tam facile, quod vult, dormit*, who doth so easily sleep when he pleaseth, as he that layes down his life in peace? The air is commonly calmest at noon.

O my Lord, it is thou that must raise up this faint and drooping heart of mine, thou only canst rid me of this weak and cowardly distrust; Thou that sendest for my soul, canst prepare me for thy

thy self; thou only canst make thy messenger welcome to me: O that I could but see thy face through death! O that I could see death, not as it was, but as thou hast made it! O that I could heartily pledge thee my Saviour, in this cup, that so I might drink new Wine with thee in thy Fathers Kingdom.

But alas, O my God! Nature is strong and weak in me at once, I cannot wish to overcome death, as it is worthy; when I look for most courage, I find strongest temptations: I see and confess, that when I am my self, thou hast no such Coward as I; let me alone and I shall shame that name of thine, which I have professed, every secure worldling shall laugh at my feebleness. O God, were thy Martyrs thus haled to their stakes? might they not have bin loosed from their racks, and choose to die in those torments. Let it be no shame to thy servant to take up that complaint which thou madest of thy better attendants; She Spirit is willing, but the Flesh is weak.

O thou God of Spirits, that hast coupled these two together, unite them in a desire of their dissolution! weaken
this

this flesh to receive, and encourage this spirit either to desire, or to contemn death; and now, as I grow nearer to my home, let me encrease in the sense of my joyes: I am thine, save me O Lord; It was thou that didst put such courage into thy ancient, and late Witnesses, that they either invited, or challenged death; and held their persecutors their best friends, for letting them loose from those gieves of flesh. I know thine hand is not shortned, neither any of them hath received more proof of thy former mercies; Oh let thy goodness enable me to reach them, in the comfortable steadiness of my passage: Do but draw this vail a little that I may see my glory; and I cannot but be inflamed with the desire of it. It was not I, that either made this body for the earth, or this soul for my body, or this heaven for my soul, or this glory of heaven, or this entrance into glory: All is thine own work; Oh perfect what thou hast begun, that thy praise and my happiness may be consummate at once.

Aristotle gives the reason, *Quia*
tunc

vincit aut vincitur, because then it either conquers, or is conquered. So is it with the soul of Man at the point of death.

Yet a good Man doth not alwayes die in exercise of his goodnes, but as a wise Man when he sleeps, loseth not his knowledge; no more doth a good Man his graces, though he die in distemper; for habitudes of goodnes do not then leave him, though they cannot then do their office for him.

But the vulgar opinion, if a Man die quietly, and go away like a Lamb, (which in Consumptions and dull diseases most men do) then sure he goes to Heaven; but if he be distempered and of frantick behaviour, (which happens to many through extreme inflammation) then sure he goes to Hell. This is a judgement from Nature, and not of Religion; and in this case trust not natural judgement, for it is arted with subtilties of Physick: Man works by likely means, God many times by contraries.

He that can shut his eyes every night with a quiet conscience, shall meet

meet with least disturbances when Death shall close his eyes at last; nor will he care who shuts up his earthen eyes, when Death it self opens his souls eyes. Then shall we see more with these shut eyes, than ever we could do open-eyed: Saint *Paul* was therefore stricken blind, that the eyes of his spirit might be opened.

Serenity, joy and peace, in a dying Man, is a hopeful behaviour: Yet we see the clear stars that are so delightful to behold, bring forth their rayes by sparklings and dartings, as though they were delivered of their light by travel and hard assayes: So good men in their death have great variety of accidents, many languors, many agonies, many iterated endeavours, travelling of Death, as in a Child-birth; sorrows, torments, pains, being then Death's Agents; But if the passages of the soul lie open to God, without interposition of worldly cares, then it peaceably makes egress with a sweetness, and that without disturbance.

Natural causes will have their operations, but it is the God of Nature that commands them, it is his propriety some-

Sometimes to work supernaturally by Nature. Dispute not with God; give Nature leave to cavil, and we cannot be good Christians.

But trust to this: Believe aright, and live as you believe, and you cannot but dye in safety. If you would end life quietly, render it up willingly.

Let no contentments of the world fix you to the world, as to desire longer life; Prolongation is no pleasure, but so long as it goes well with us, *Sepè in hoc esse, Bonum, non diu*; To be often in this is good, but not to be long. Shortness of life is no unhappiness, *Citius mori vel tardius, ad rem non spectat; bene mori aut male, ad rem spectat*: It is nothing to the purpose whether we dye soon or late; but whether we dye well or ill.

The Book of Wisdom saith, *He was soon taken away, lest it should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul.*

In principio mundi, cum homines viverent in simplici simplicitate, Deus dedit eis longam vitam; postquam creverat hominis malitia & temporis abusus, tunc abbreviavit Deus eorum dies: In the beginning of the world, when men

men lived in greatest innocency, God gave them longer life; but after, when the sin of man and the abuse of time increased, then God shortned their dayes.

Had present death been evil, or long life good, *Cain* had been slain, and *Abel* had survived: but Death commonly begins first, where God loves best: *His soul*, saith the son of *Syrach*, pleased God, therefore hastned he to take him away.

Death did not strike *Adam* the first sinful man, nor *Cain* the first Hippocrite, but *Abell* the Innocent and Righteous. The first soul that met with Death, overcame Death: The first soul that parted from earth, went to Heaven. Death argues no displeasure; because he whom God loved best, dyes first, and the Murtherer is punished with living.

Seldome is excellency in any kind long-lived; we see the best men live not longest: and indeed it were injurious to wish that goodness should hinder any one from happiness.

The best cannot be happy, but by dissolution, their dying being but a change,

change, going from evil to good, hopes putting in them such a new life, as they care not to change the old.

The lives of all creatures else are lost to us, ours but changed to God. If the wicked man live long, it is but to aggravate his judgement; if he dye soon, it is but to hasten it.

One man seems to dye casually, another violently, both by destiny, all men by decree.

Et quem dederat cursum natura peregrini, said the Poet.

And that course which Nature gave, Finished, as I might, I have.

But the Divine tells us, that *vita presentis finem telum esse decet; quale futura principium*, that the end of our present life ought to be such, as we desire the beginning of our future life: Nor is the place material where we dye, so we dye well.

Moses dyed upon one hill, *Aaron* upon another hill, but both where they might see the Land of Promise; *Felix conspectus*, An happy view!

Be as ready to dye as *Moses* was, when there was no more between God and him, but, *Moses*, Go up and dye.
With

With such a sociable compellation are good men invited unto death, as to a Feast.

Nec mihi Mors gravis est, posituro morte labores.

Death cannot choose but please Them, whose griefs by dying cease:

— *Mors mihi merces erit.*

Death shall be gain to me.

But, O my soul, what ails thee to be thus suddenly backward, and fearful? No heart hath more freely discoursed of death, in Speculation; no tongue hath more extolled it in absence. And now that it is come to thy beds-side, and hath drawn thy curtains, and takes thee by the hand, and offers thee service, thou shrinkest inward, and by the paleness of thy face, and wildness of thine eye, bewrayest an amazement at the presence of such a guest, That face which was so familiar to thy thoughts, is now unwelcome to thine eyes. I am ashamed of this weak irresolution. Whitherto have tended all thy serious Meditations? What hath Christianity done to thee, if thy fears be still heathenish? is this thy Imitation of so many worthy Saints of God,

God, whom thou hast seen entertain the violentest deaths with Smiles and Songs? Is this the fruit of thy long and frequent instruction? Did'st thou think Death would have been content with words? Did'st thou hope it would suffer thee to talk while all other suffer? Where is thy faith? Yea, where art thou my self, O my soul? Is Heaven worthy of no more thanks, of no more joy? Shall Hereticks, shall Pagans give death a better welcome than thou? Hast thy Maker, thy Redeemer sent for thee, and art thou loth to go? Hath he sent for thee, to put thee in possession of that glorious Inheritance, which thy wardship hath chearfully expected, and art thou loth to go? Hath God with this Serjeant of his, sent his Angels to fetch thee, and art thou loth to go? Rouse up thy self for shame, O my soul! and if ever thou hast truly believed shake off this Unchristian diffidence, and address thy self joyfully for thy glory.

All motions tend to rest.

Return then to thy Rest, O my soul!
For God hath dealt bountifully with thee.

Assurance

Assurance of life after death.

A Wake and sing, saith the Prophet
 Esay, ye that dwell in dust, for
 thy dew is the dew of herbs, and the
 earth shall cast out her dead. Thy dead
 men shall live; with my body shall they
 rise.

For reall assurance both to our bodies
 and our souls, there are three bodily in-
 habitants already gone to Heaven:

Enoch before the Law, *Elijah* un-
 der the Law, *Christ* under the Gospel;
 yet for further assurance, *Ipse dixit*,
Christ himself hath said it, *Because I*
live, ye shall live also. I am the Re-
surrection and the life. Qui credit in
me, etiamsi mortuus fuerit, vivet:
 He that believeth in me, though he
 die, yet shall he live. Although my
 flesh be eaten with Worms, these
 Worms turned to dust, blown thorow
 the earth, yet after thou hast turned
 all to destruction, again thou sayest,
Come again ye children of men. There-
 fore, *O Death, where is thy sting?*
O Grave where is thy victory? saith
 St. Paul.

Hitherto

In the mean time, thou shalt but sleep in this bed of earth; he that hath tryed the worst of death, hath called it no worse, very Heathens hath termed them Cousins, and it is no unusual thing for Cousins of Bloud, to carry both the same names and features. Hast thou wont, O my Body! when the day hath wearied thee, to lie down unwillingly to thy rest? behold in this sleep there is more quietness, more pleasure of Visions, more certainty of waking, more cheerfulness arising: why then art thou loth to think of laying off thy Rags, and reposing thy self? Why art thou like a Child, unwilling to go to bed? Hast thou ever seen any Bird, which when the Cage hath been opened, would rather sit still and sing within her Grates, than fly forth unto her freedom in the Woods? Hast thou ever seen any Prisoner in love with his Bolts and Fetters? Did the chief of the Apostles, when the Angel of God shined in his Jail, and struck him on the side, and loosed his two Chains, and bad him arise quickly, and opened both the Wooden, and Iron Gate; say, What, so soon?

I soon?

soon, yet a little sleep? What madness had it been, rather to slumber betwixt his two Keepers, than to follow the Angel of God into Liberty? Hast thou ever seen any Mariner that hath saluted the Sea with Songs, and the Haven with Tears? What shall I say to this diffidence, O my soul, that thou art unwilling to think of rest after thy toil, of freedom after thy durance, of the Haven after an unquiet and tempestuous passage? How many are there that seek death, and cannot find it, merely out of the irksomeness of life. Hast it found thee, and offered thee better Conditions, not of immunity of evils, but of possession of more good than thou canst think, and wouldst thou now fly from happiness, to be rid of it?

Hitherto shalt thou come, said Job, but no further: here shall thy proud waves be stayed: *Mors usque ad corpus solum pertinet, ultra non progredietur*, Death shall only reach to the body; but shall proceed no further. It stands not with Divinity, nor is it consonant to Reason, that Man, from whom all things spring, should not have

have his Springs, and wife again. I see worms and flies, and other creatures that spend the Winter-season in a kind of Death, revive in the Spring: I see my self dead every night, and alive in the morning; doubt not therefore of this Article of belief of all men comfortable. I know whom I have trusted, saith Saint Paul, and I am assured he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day. *And they shall be able to say, I have trusted in the Lord, and he shall deliver me from all mine iniquities.* *Is that day when I shall see my Jewels.*

What? Is it a Name that troubles thee? What if men should call sleep death, wouldst thou be afraid to close thy eyes? What hurt is it then, if he that sent the first sleep upon Man, whilst he made him an helper, sent this last, and sounder sleep upon me, whilst he prepares my soul for a glorious Spouse to himself? It is but a sleeping which we call death, as two friends when they have led each other in the way, shake hands till they return from their journey, if either should miscarry, there were cause of

sorrow; now they are more sure of a meeting, than of a parture; what folly is it, not to be content to redeem the unspeakable gain of so dear a friend with a little intermissions of enjoying him? He will return laden, with the riches of Heaven, and will fetch his old partner to the participation of this glorious wealth. Go then, my Soul, to this sure and gainful traffique, and leave my other half in a Harbour as safe, though not so blessed; yet so shall thou be separated, that my very dust shall be united to thee still, and to my Saviour in thee.

Resurgam, I shall rise again, said good Bishop King. *It is now time to awake, for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed;* nor will I fear how this body of mine shall appear another day: For I am promised by him that will perform, it shall not be found naked; but this covering of the flesh being cast off, it shall be clothed with glory as with another garment. The Children of the Resurrection die no more, for they are equal to the Angels. If thy life be hid with Christ in God, then when Christ

Christ which is thy life shall appear,
thou shalt appear in Glory.

The word of assurance, is *Redemp-
tion mens; my Redeemer; my Father,*
and your Father, saith the Gospel:
there is great divinity in these Pro-
nouns, *meum & tuum*, mine and thine,
they are words of assurance to mens
souls, though in mens states they are
the ground of all controversies. *I know
that my Redeemer lives.* But I do not
therefore know this, because I will
not know it: for the will cannot invade
the understanding. How then do I
know it? Not by opinion, but by
faith: *Fides non creditur, sed percipitur.*
Faith is not believed, but perceived.
Things are not so, because we are per-
swaded they are so; but because they
are so, therefore we are so perswaded.
The woman with child, knows she is
so, when she feels it stir lively: So
the Spirit of God assures our Spirit
when we lively feel his Spirit in us. A
Holy Job saith, *Though after the
skin, worms destroy the body, yet in my
flesh I shall see God for my self: and
mine own eyes shall behold him, and not
others.*

Which numeral Identity gives certainty, that this soul of mine impersonated anew, and so inanimating my body again, shall give a new being, and a better being unto both.

That soul, the lost Pearl, which to find a Man would have given all he had, shall there be found engraven in a body of gold; whereas here it was poorly set in clay. He which came with his garments red from *Bozra*, will cloath us in white.

It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when Christ shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is, saith *St. John*. Come then ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you; and, Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's pleasure to give you the Kingdom. Tarry but a little while, saith *Saint Paul*, and he that shall come, will come, and will not tarry.

A Man, saith *Chrysostome*, would dwell in this Contemplation, and be loath to come out of it. Nay, saith *Augustine*, A Man might age himself in it, and sooner grow old than weary.

The fourth general division.

I V.

Death approaching, what our last thoughts should be.

SEneca saith, the last day judgeth all the precedent. *Ultimum optimum*, the last is the best; dying words are weightiest, and make deepest impressions: yet our last thoughts are readiest to spend themselves upon somewhat that we loved best while we lived. *Jezabel* at last was more taken up with seeming fair, than being happy.

Et tunc quoque versus ad illam: and then even when ready to die, she was busied about it, because she loved her face more than her soul.

The soul it self, when it is entering into glory, breaths divine things: At this time a good Man's tongue is in his breast, not in his mouth; his words are then so pithy and so pe-
toral.

Anatomists do say, there are strings in a Mans tongue, which go to his heart;

heart; when these break, Man speaks his heart. *Utinam saperent & intelligerent, & novissima providerent*, said *Moses*: Oh that they were wise, and would understand, and foresee their latter end, when he was dying. Christ's last words in the Bible are, *Surely I come quickly*; Our answer is, Amen: Even so come, Lord Jesus, &c.

As in greatest extremities good Physicians leave drugs, and minister only Cordials; so deal by thy soul when death approaches; Lay thee down and sleep in peace, cast away all worldly cares, entertain only thoughts that will animate thy weak body, and refresh thy thirsty soul, as did that dew of *Hermon*, falling upon the *Hill of Sion*. When sickness undresses Man for death, then *Job's Scio*, I know, and Saint *Paul's Cupio*, I desire, are the words of sweetest comfort.

Man, saith *Jeremy*, puts his mouth at last to the dust, if so be there may be hope. But rely not longer on the Physician; Earthly means were for use, they are not for confidence. God cannot be God, if Nature limit him. Happy is the Man whose last day is his best day. All

All the while I lived, said a good Man, I was going on my journey, *in via*, in my way, but not *in patria*, in my countrey; but now that I am dying, I find my self near home, I am come to Mount *Sion*, I will not therefore sit down on this side *Jordan*, but hasten to the heavenly *Jerusalem*; whither when I come, I shall there see my God face to face; hear my Saviour say, *Euge bone serve, Well done good servant, It is my Fathers will to give thee a Kingdom.*

Is it not enough that my Saviour is gone up to prepare a place for me, but will he give me a Kingdom? and shall not I be glad, when God shall come and fetch me, to enthrone me in this Kingdom? *Absit*, God forbid. If Christ be gone up to prepare a place for me, Lord, let me be prepared for that place. Blessed Eternity! Where art thou? I am seeking for thee, and I see thee coming towards me. Now methinks I hear my soul say, *Cur non accedis, Domine? Quid moraris?* O Lord, why art thou so far off, why tarriest thou?

I have too long dwelt in this Se-

pulchre of earth; *Vae mihi, quia prolongatus est incolatus meus in terra!* Wo is me that my pilgrimage is so prolonged on earth! wo is me that I still remain in *Mesech*, and dwell in the tents of *Kedar*! It is enough, Lord, as *Elias* said in the wilderness; Take now away my life, for I am no better than my Fathers were. My soul thirsteth for thee: When shall I come and appear before thee? Nay, my soul is now grown so high-minded, that she saith, *Major sum, & ad majora genitus, quam ut mancipium sim huius corporis*: I am of more worth, and born to more worthy things, than to be the slave of my own body. Man is not quiet, till he be more than Man: let his condition here civilly be what it will, it will not content him. Bare Philosophy made such impression in *Socrates*, that *in carcere damnatus egit cum discipulis de corpore, tanquam de alio ergastulo*, lying condemned in prison, he discoursed to his Scholars concerning the body, as concerning another prison: counting the body to be a worse prison to the soul, than that prison was to him.

Plato

Plato when he saw one over-indulgent to his body, by high feeding it, asked what he meant, to make his prison so strong? When you pamper the flesh, you do but victual the Enemy.

The body at best is but the living Coffin of the soul, as the grave is the dead Coffin of the body.

Thus doth Divine Contemplation make us high in thoughts, rich in expectation; Therefore it is but the duty of Man to know the dignity of his soul, which is so heavenly ambitious, as it will not let heaven alone, till it may see, as it is seen.

Gravata est anima mea, My soul is oppressed, my body is a burden to my soul, It hath had honour enough to have been so long companion with it; wherefore now, as St. Hierome saith, *Egrede anima, egredere*; Go forth, my soul, go forth.

What dost thou longer here on earth, O thou my Heaven-born Soul!

The Hermite, sitting on his Turf, said to his soul, *Sexaginta annos servivisti Deo, & nunc mori times?* Thou hast served God these sixty years, and art thou now afraid to die? Go out of this

this Ark of flesh, O my soul ! for I now smell the savour of rest ; *Celeritas nunc in desiderio mora est* , Haste it self is slow unto desire. As Christ said to his Disciples , *Surgite, eamus hinc* , Let us arise and go hence : So say I to thy soul, *Surge anima de mundo, eamus in cælum* ; Arise, my soul ; from the world, let us go up to Heaven.

Though my soul, as a Bird , for necessity sake hath been fain to stay a while here upon earth , yet willingly would it be soaring in the skie ; but I find that, *Ista vita est mihi impedimento ad id, propter quod vivitur* , this life is an hindrance to that for whose sake we live : Specially when I hear my Saviour say , *Father , I will that those whom thou hast given me , be with me where I am , that they may behold my glory.* To him that is faithfull unto the Death, *I will give a crown of life.* Sybilla before Christ , and Plato likewise, do both agree that the union of Mans soul with God, is that true felicity which all Philosophy aims at. Therefore *Desiderio desideravi egressum huius* *egressum* , I have earnestly desired my dimission from this prison, that I may see

see *facie ad faciem*, face to face, him whom my soul loveth, and be, Lord, where thou enjoyest thy self, and glorified spirits enjoy thee.

Ostende mihi Patrem & sufficit, Shew me the Father, and it sufficeth. Surely saith Saint *Augustine* in his Meditations, *Domine creasti nos ob te; nunquam erit cor quietum donec pervenerit ad te*: O Lord, thou hast made us for thy self, and our hearts can never be quiet until they come unto thee. Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, saith St. *John*, *Yea*, saith the Spirit, *they rest from their labours, and their works follow them*. O thou source of the Springs of *Lebanus*, my soul now thirsteth to be with thee; in the twilight, betwixt the day of life, and night of death.

Entertain thy last hour with such-like thoughts, *Et he tibi dabunt ad eternitatem iter & in itinere sublevant*, and they will prepare thy journey to eternity, and help thee in thy journey. They will angelize thy body, and emparadise thy soul, before thou comest into Heaven; yield a sweetness beyond the bitterness of death.

Certainly,

Certainly, a good Soul thus im-
ploying it self *in istâ horâ*, in that hour
will not leave the felicity it shall have
in such an assured transmigration from
death to life, for all the joys that life
past did ever render it.

Good Saint *Augustine*, in a high
speculation, endeavouring to express
this heavenly joy, was asked by a
grave old Man, *Father Augustine,*
Quid agis? What art thou about to
do? A Man may as well draw in all
the air in the world with a breath, as
express to the life what thou art now
about; not that there is want of words,
but want in words to express it.

As griefs concealed, so joys expres-
sed grow greater; wherefore though
this ineffable joy cannot be express,
Quantus vel qualis sit, how much, or
how great it is, yet it is, *Res generosa*
conari alta, mente majora concipere,
quàm que effici possunt, a generous
thing to attempt at the highest, and
aim at greater things in our souls than
we are able to perform.

Therefore this we may do, some
way sample: that which no way we can
can express, *In arduis voluisse sat est,*

In high things but to will is held enough ; in some things good purposes supply actions.

Like as a bird that hath been long encaged , then chants it most merrily, when she gets loose into the open air.

Nititur in sylvas quaque redire suas:

And every one of that wing'd race Striv's for the wood, their native place.

Or as a sick man that hath wearily toiled and turned himself in his bed all the dull night long , is then comforted at the approach of the day-break, when the Sun-beams gild the morning :

Or as a prisoner that feels his chains heavy upon him, longs for releasement.

Liberâque à ferris crura futura velit :

And his weary limbs would fain Deliver from the iron chain.

So will it be with thy soul , when thou shalt hear thy Saviour say , *I am thy salvation : Come unto me thou that art weary , and heavy laden, and I will refresh thee.*

Pœnitentibus & petentibus pertinet Regnum Cœlorum , The Kingdom of Heaven belongs to Penitents and Petitioners :

tioners: To them that are weary of this durance, and sue for deliverance, belongeth the Kingdom of Heaven.

Wherefore as a wearied traveller that hath passed a long journey, though perhaps met with some delights by the way, is then gladdest when he comes within kenning of his Countrey;

Natale solum dulcedine cunctos ducit,

The native soyl invites

All with its sweet delights.

Even so thy soul after many years pilgrimage in the wilderness of this wretched world, being come with *Moses* to mount *Nebo*, and beholding the pleasant land of *Canaan*, from the top of *Pisgah*, will then laugh for joy, as doth the Horizon to see the Sun coming, as a *Bridegroom* out of his chamber.

The same God that by the hands of his Angels carried up the soul of *Moses* to his glory, doth also by the hands of his Angels carry his body down into the valley of *Moab*, to his Sepulture. Those hands that had taken the Law from him, those eyes that had seen his presence, tho'e Lips that had conferred so oft with him, that Face that

did

did so shine with the beams of his glory, may not be neglected when the soul is gone. He that took charge of his birth, and preservation in the road, takes charge of his Carriage out of the world. The care of God ceaseth not over his own, either in death or after it: Yet that divine hand which lockt up this treasure, and kept the Key of it, brought it forth afterwards, glorious. In the transfiguration, this body which was hid in the valley of *Moab*, appeared in the hill of *Tabor*, that we may know, these bodies of ours are not lost but laid up, and shall as sure be raised in glory, as they are laid down in corruption. We know that, when he shall appear, we shall also appear with him in glory.

Dilectus meus descendit ad hortum suum, ad areolam aromatatum, My beloved went down to his garden, to the bed of spices.

Of this joy thy dazled eyes might have some glimps, while thou wast in health; but then it was, as the blind mans vision in the Gospel, to whose first sight men seemed to walk like trees; but in this thy new state thou shalt see

see clearly men and Angels stand before the Lambs Throne, and hear thy self invited to the Lambs Supper, where thou shalt be brought into the Wine-cellar, and love will be the banner over thee. It is the best eloquence to speak to God in the same language he speaks to us.

Come then, O Shulamite, stay me with Flaggons, and comfort me with Apples, for I am sick of love: Kiss me with the kisses of thy mouth, for thy love is better than wine; Shew me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou liest at noon.

Thus with Solomon in a Canticle, and with David in a Psalm, let be the Raptures of thy soul, which as in a trance shall be caught up to Heaven, as was Philip by the Spirit, or Ezechiel by the Angel.

And with an heroical alacrity, tempered with a gracious humility, give up thy soul to God, and bid farewell to the world.

Sing with Deborah, O my soul, thou hast marched valiantly; and say with David, Return now, my soul, unto thy rest, for the Lord hath rewarded thee.

Dying

Dying St. Stephen, before his eyes were closed, had a facial sight of his Saviour, *Videbat Deum per essentiam*, looked stedfastly into the Heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God: Old Simon after he had seen his Saviour, rejoiced then to say, Lord, now lesteft thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.

Hoc videam, & moriar: Morior ut videam: Let me see this and die: And till then I die, I die.

THE RAPTURE OF THE SOUL.



Aspiratur anima, cum celestia contemplatur, & contemplanda jucundatur: The soul is ravished when she contemplates heavenly things, and is delighted with that Contemplation.

This

This is a kind of Arreption to Heaven; when a Man abstracts himself from earth, and by Contemplation grows into acquaintance with GOD; for then he seems to converse with God, and become *divina participans natura*, a partaker of the divine nature, then he sends forth strong emanations of divine love. Those *affectiones extatica*, extatick affections, are the signals *Amoris liquidi*, of a melting love: *liquefcit anima*, *in devotione calefcit*, the soul melteth when she is warmed by devotion. Such love suffers not me to be a lover of my self: *Et quid istos nisi Seraphim dixerim, quorum cor conversum est in ignem divini amoris?* and what shall I call them but Seraphims, whose hearts are turned into flames of divine love? Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, so begins that *Canticum canticorum*, *et iucundum quidem eloquium*, quod ab osculo sumit principium, Song, of Songs and 'tis truly a sweet language, which beginneth with kisses. This *fruitivus amor*, enjoying love, by divine rapture unites me to God: for in rapture a man seems to walk

walk with God, as *Enoch* did; talk with God, as *Moses* did; see God, as *Stephen* did.

And because sight increases delight; therefore rapture would fain ascend to vision; *Videre illa, non quæ videntur, sed quæ non videntur*, to see those things, not which are seen, but which are not seen.

But that's a priviledge for *St. Paul*, *Vidi Dominum*, saith *Jacob*, *facie ad faciem*, & *salva facta est anima mea*. I saw the Lord face to face, and my soul was delivered. Holy *Hierom* swears it, *Tastor Daum*, *post hebdomadarum jejunia visus sum mihi versari inter agmina Angelorum*, I call God to witness, that after I had done my fasting weeks, me thought I was among the troops of Angels; to have private conversation with Queens of Angels. The first Christians were ravished with a greater desire of knowledge than of food; sometimes lived three daies together in contemplation, and never ate. *Raptus, est supremum gradum contemplationis*, Rapture is the highest degree of contemplation, saith Saint *Augustine*; which raises in Man
towering

towering thoughts; irradiates his soul with high apprehensions; and so elevates him to God, as it takes him out of himself, to live above himself. *Nescio in quam dulcedinem duces me, Domine!* said he in his rapture, I am not able to understand that sweetness into which thou leadeest me, O my God!

The Soul being thus powerfully attracted by the inducement of so fair and divine delight, she on her part corresponds, and with a willing assent glides after these attracts; and, as a vapour exhald by the Sun, she goes out of her self, and would willingly draw the body with her, but that substance is too sad; wherefore she quits it as not agil, nor sprightfull enough to soar so high; *O that my Soul had wings as a Dove, that I might fly, and be at rest!* saith David.

It is an admirable thing to consider, that the eye of a man so weak, so tender a piece, should look up every day to Heaven, so wonderful in height, and yet never be tired by the way: by this I see that heavenly Contemplation, (which is the best Optick) if it be

be strong enough, and not over-clogg'd with earthy thoughts, is able to carry us with ease to heavenly extasie.

The Will takes pleasure to perceive the Understanding (which is the Soul's King) taken into rapture; and when the faculties both of Will and Understanding do intercommunicate their ravishments, then are we sweetly brought into divine extasie; in which state Man feels nothing of the Human, but dies in his life, and lives in his death.

Of this sacred extasie the Seraphical Divines make three sorts; one of understanding, a second of affection, a third of action.

Action is added, because a Man is not to be above himself in Contemplation, and under himself in Conversation. The first of the three is, *in splendore*, in brightness; the second *in fervore*, in heat; the third *in labore*, in labour: the one caused by admiration, the other by devotion, the last by operation.

In these Raptures, the Fathers, who were styled Saints, had such a complacency,

placency, as they strove to act this as the way of a new life, sometimes before their death; insomuch as the Votaries would say, *Never was a Saint*, but had extasies, and ravishment of life before his death; they laboured by a liquefaction of their souls into God, to ensoul themselves in God, to put themselves out of the natural comportment of the body, and so to live in Divine extasie without living in the body.

This made Saint Paul to say, *I knew a Man in Christ fourteen years ago, whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell.*

Some so lived, as it were doubted whether they were living men dead, or dead men living. Nay, some with fervency of spirit were transported into such extasie, that their souls being wholly conversant in divine Contemplation, they cared not to afford common assistance to Nature, and so have died through exinanition and want of strength, conceiving there was no use of any creature, to them that enjoyed the Creator.

Thus did love perform the office of death,

Death, Love is as strong as Death,
saith Solomon; nay, with them it
wrought more than death could do;
for death only performeth by effect,
that which love operateth by affection;
Death did but seporate their bodies
from their souls; but love separated
their souls from their bodies living.

In such a transe, they report Saint
Basil to say, *That Jacob, when he had*
fast hold on God, let him go for a bless-
ing: But the Shulamite, My soul will
not let thee go so: For she now seeks
no more benedictions of God, but to
enjoy the God of Benedictions.

St. Jerom was wont to say, *O my*
Saviour, diddest thou die for love of
me? A love more dolorous than death,
but to me a death more lovely than love
is self. I cannot live, love thee, and be
longer from thee.

When Severinus, the Indian Saint,
was recovering from dying; it is re-
ported he was heard to say, *O my God,*
do not for pity so over-joy me: if I
must still live, and have such consol-
ations, take me to heaven: for he that
hath once tasted this and thy sweetness,
must necessarily live afterwards in bit-
terness.

K

This

This is the state of love's life in God, which giveth a super-humane being unto Man, Man being yet on earth.

This ardent love engraffing me into God by her uniting vertue; makes me now say, *Vivo ego, sed non ego, vivit verò in me Christus*: Now I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me. *My life is hid in Christ with God.* And now me thinks I see him face to face, *Visione illa beatifica, & jugiter revelata facie, Sponsi gloriam speculando, transformatur anima de claritate in claritatem: Audet & ipsa loqui*: In that blessed vision, and face of God alwayes revealed, by viewing the glory of the Bridegroom, the soul is transformed from glory to glory; so that she dare say, *Tota pulchra es amica,* Thou art all fair my Love,

Who is this that cometh from Edom with red garments from Bozra? I now behold the day spring from on high come to visit me. Say then to the North, Give; and to the South, Restore: And so come Lord Jesus, come quickly.

MORTIS

MORTIS EPILOGUS.

The Conclusion of Death.

Quoniam, Mors me quotidie expectat,
ego mortem quotidie expectabo; be-
 cause death doth attend me daily, I will
 daily wait for death.

But before thou goest hence, consi-
 der well these four things.

1. *Unde venis*, Whence thou comest.
2. *Quo vadis*, Whither thou goest.
3. *Quid es*, What thou art.
4. *Quid eris*, What thou shalt be.

Upon enquiry, *Unde venio*, whence
 I come; I am told, *Peccatores, pecca-*
tores me in peccato genuerunt, that
 sinners begat me a sinner in sin.

Miseri miserum me in hac lucis
miseriam induxerunt, miserable wret-
 ches brought me a miserable wretch
 into this vale of misery.

Conceptus culpa, Nasci miseria, Vi-
vere poena, Mors angustia; Et quanto
vitae mea longior, tanto est culpa
mea noxiosior: My conception was
 sin, my birth misery, my life a punish-
 ment, my death a torment; And by

how much my life is longer, by so much is my sin the greater.

This makes me think,

Quorsum commodata est mihi vita humana? To what end is this humane life lent unto me?

For this only,

*Ad comparandam vitam cœlestem,
Et hoc vult divina clementia,
Quod vita mea sit brevior,
Ut labor meus sit levior,*

To gain an heavenly life,
And this is all divine love aims at;
That so my life may seem shorter,
And my labour may be less.

For my *Quo vado*, Whither go I?

IT is life's *Posie*, *Vadere*, to fade and decay.

Vado, I go, tells me, I am in *transitu*, in a passing-state.

But it rejoiceth me to think,
Eo ad Patres, that I go to my Fathers.
And this hope comforts,

Sepe-

Sepelieris in atate bona, thou shalt be buried in a good old age.

Therefore *nec me tadet vivere*, *nec timeo mori*: it neither troubles me to live, nor affrights me to die:

Mihi enim mors servit in solatium, for death helps to comfort my life.

Vitam habeo in patientia, *mortem vero in desiderio*; and so I live in patience, and I die in desire.

Plangam ergo paulatim dolorem meum, *Et tunc oblitus exilii*, *ibo ad patriam*: I shall therefore a little while bewail my sorrow, and then forgetful of my banishment, I shall go to my Countrey.

Nam mortua morte revertitur mihi vita, for when death it self shall die, life will return to me again.

To express, *Quid sum*, What I am.

QUis fando explicare queat? What speech can unfold?

Pulvis & Aer, Dust and Air, this I know;

Et in pulverem reverteris, and to dust thou shalt return; this is sure:

That *homo est morbidum, putre, cassum*; a Man is sickly, rotten, empty thing.

Et in non hominem vertitur omnis homo, and that every Man shall be turned into no Man.

Th s. every Man finds.

Our metal is, *de humore liquido*, of a moist humour.

And the mould no better, *In utero impuro*, in an unclean womb.

Damnatus antequam natus, condemned sooner than born, that's our condition.

Our best Stock is, *Semin Abrahæ*, the seed of *Abraham*.

Dicens putredini, saying to corruption, *Thou art my Mother*.

And to the worms, *You are my Brethren*.

Here is our great Kindred.

Our dwelling is, *inter pulices & culices*, amongst Flies and Fleas.

Our quality vile, our weight lighter than vanity, our worth nothing.

What then is our being?

Somnium & dolor, a dream and sorrow.

If so,

*Si natus sum plorans
Si maior plangens,
Nolo ego vivere ridens:*

Hoc tantum volo,

*Animam meam ornare, qua Deo &
Angelis.*

Mox presentanda est in cælis.

If weeping I be born; and weeping die
Why do I live so free and pleasantly

This only I desire

My soul to attire,

Which is to be presented by and by
To God and Angels; with all purity.

Now for *Quid eris*, What thou
shalt be?

This also I know.

Quod sum, & me non esse scio. Sed id
esse & nosce desidero. Nam videre
Deum, vivere cum Deo. Esse in Deo est
habere Deum. Hoc est aterna securitas,
& secura aternitas: I know what I
am, and therefore know my self not
to be. But yet I desire both to be and
know what I am. For to see God,
and to live with God, is to be in
God, and to have God: and this is

eternal safety and secure eternity.

This may be admired, hardly understood :

Yet better understood than can be expressed.

Therefore to my soul I say not, O *Animula*, *blandula*, *vagula*, O poor, pretty, wandering soul ! But,

O *Anima Dei insignita imagine*, *Decorata similitudine*, *Desponsata Fide*, *Redempta Sanguine*, *Dotata Spiritu*, *Deputata cum Angelis*; *Quid tibi cum carne* ? O soul, Ennobled with the Image of God, Adorned with his likeness, Espoused to him by faith, Redeemed by his blood, Endowed with his Spirit, Ranked with his Angels, What hast thou to do with flesh ?

But to contemplate,

Quanta claritas, quanta suavis, quanta jucunditas maneat me in illa visione, cum facie ad faciem videbo Christum ! Oh what brightness, what sweetness, what pleasure remaineth for me in that vision, where I shall behold Christ face to face !

O Lord, hear my words, consider my Meditations, Psal. 5.

*Go not far from me, O God: my
God, hast thee to help me.*

A Prayer.

A Prayer for to be used by the Sick.

*Give me the comfort of thy help again, and
stablish me with thy free Spirit.*

O Eternal, omnipotent, and incomprehensible **G O D**, Lord of my life, and determiner of my days: my body now is resolving into dust, and my soul returning to thee that gavest it. O Lord most holy, O God most mighty; O holy and merciful Saviour, thou most worthy Judge eternal; suffer me not at my last hour for any pain of death to fall from thee: draw near unto me, who make haste to come unto thee. Give me a clearer sight of thee, by how much the nearer I am out of the dark prison of my body; Give me also a quicker taste of the powers of the life to come, that I may more comfortably pass over these last troubles of this present life. O Lord, my soul is heavy even unto death; for the weight of all my sins (aggravated by the Devil) is at once upon me, and

I sink and faint under this burden which is too heavy for me to bear: neither is there any means under Heaven to ease me of it, but by laying it upon him that hath born our infirmities and carried our sorrows, the Lord Jesus Christ: thou art the only Physician heal me, thou art that blessed Samaritan pity me, thou art the Resurrection and life, quicken me. O Father of mercy, and God of all consolation, let not the guilt of my sins, or horreur of thy judgments, or Satan's suggestions, or the fear of death, or terrors of Hell drive me to desperation. I confess that for my un-mindfulness of thee, and ungratefulness to thee, all my life, I deserve that thou shouldest utterly abandon and forsake me now at my death: but thy thoughts are not like our thoughts, nor thy affections like ours. Though a woman should forget the fruit of her womb, yet thou wilt not, nor canst not forget those that trust in thee. Thy gifts and graces are without repentance, and whom thou lovest, thou lovest to the end. Thou wilt not break a bruised Reed, nor quench the smoking Flax. Thou hast severely corrected me

me in this thy fearful visitation; yet thou *hast not*, and I stedfastly believe, wilt not give me over to eternal death. Dear Father, *shew thy strength in my greatest weakness*: confirm thy mercy to me in my greatest need; apply thy comfort to me in this my last extremity. Assuage the pains of my body with ghostly comforts; and diminish *the fear of death*, by the assured hope of a *better life*. Call to my mind (whilst yet I breath) all the errours of my understanding, that I may timely revoke them; all the sins of my will, that I may heartily bewail them; all the testimonies of thy love, that I may gratefully acknowledge them; all the *promises of thy Gospel*, that I may comfortably embrace them; all my holy vows and purposes, that I may finally confirm them: and, gracious Lord, *accept the will for the deed*.

O let me, that am now returning to dust and ashes, *speak but this once to my Lord, and Maker*. With all my heart, soul, and strength, I beseech thee, by all that my Saviour *Jesus Christ* hath done and suffered for me, I entreat thee *speak peace to my soul*

soul at her departing, and say unto her, I am thy salvation. Make my election sure by my true repentance, fervent charity, assured confidence, constant patience, comfortable perseverance unto the end, and in the end, Amen.

Another Prayer to be used at the visiting of the Sick; for thou O Lord God, art the thing that I long for: thou art my hope even from my youth.

O let thine ears consider well the voice of my complaint.

O Most Glorious Creator, gracious Redeemer, everlasting Comforter, Lord God Almighty, send me aid and help from Heaven in this my last and most dreadful conflict with all the powers of hell and darkness. Arm me with thy complete armour, and endue me with power from above to vanquish Satan and his infernal bands, and to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked, in the blood of my Redeemer. I am thine, O God the Father, by the right of Creation; I am thine, O God the Son, by the right of thy purchase: I am thine,

O

O God the Holy Ghost, by the right of
thine inhabitation, and possession:
save me *Father*, by thy power: save
me *Son*, by thy merits: save me *Holy*
Spirit, by thy grace. O Holy, Ble-
ssed, and Glorious Trinity, *whose power*
no creature is able to resist, rebuke and
confound thine enemy that goeth about
to deface thine *Image* in me, to spoil
thy workmanship, to destroy him
for whom thou, O Son, offeredst thy
self on the Cross by the eternal Spirit
to the *Father*. O *Father*, be now to
me a *Father* in my greatest distress:
O *Jesus*, be to me a *Jesus*, in my
greatest danger: O *Comforter*, be to
me a *Comforter* in my greatest affli-
ctions. *Holy and righteous Judge*
eternal, suffer not Satan to take any
advantage of thy fatherly chastising
me; he grows strong against me by
this my great weakness; now he rageth
most furiously, because *his time is*
short; he assaulteth me every way: by
subtle suggestions, by fearful visions
and apparitions; he terrifieth my flesh
with the ugly shape of death, he af-
frighteth my conscience with the hor-
rour of the last judgment, and scor-
cheth

cherish my soul even with flashes of Hell fire. O Father of Spirits, deliver not the soul of thy turtle Dove (that mourneth to thee day and night) as a prey unto him. Though never so deformed, yet I am thy work, O God my Father; though never so vile, yet I am thy purchase, O God my Redeemer; though never so polluted, yet I am thy Temple, O God my sanctifier. Faithful Creator, preserve the work of thine hand; faithful Redeemer, preserve the purchase of thy blood; faithful Sanctifier, preserve the temple of thine honour. I abhor my self; and repent in dust and ashes, and I conceive more grief than I am able to express, for abusing thy works, O Father; thy Word and Sacraments, O Son; thy gifts and graces, O Spirit. Father forgive me all sins of infirmity against thy power; Son forgive me all sins of ignorance against thy wisdom; Holy Ghost, forgive me all sins of malice against thy grace. Most mighty Father, vouchsafe me thy protection: Most merciful Son, grant me thy peace: Most gracious Spirit, me givethy comfort, that I may safely, peaceably,
and

and cheerfully leave this vale of tears. Father possess me of the Kingdom which thou, O Son, hast purchased; and thou, O Spirit, hast sealed unto me. Into thy hands, O Father, who breathedst into me the spirit of life; Into thy hands, O Son, who breathedst out thy spirit for me; Into thy hands, O Holy Spirit, who renewedst a right spirit within me, and hast comforted my spirit to the last gasp, I now commend my soul and body and all that is within me, to bless thy holy name, Amen.

A Prayer at the hour of death.

I am in misery, and like to him that is at the point to die: from my youth up thy troubles, O most mighty, have I suffered with a troubled mind.

O Most mighty and glorious Lord God, the Father of mercy, the Lord God of the spirits of all flesh, and hast made us these souls, and hast appointed us the time as to come into this world, for having finished our Course to go out of the same; the number of my days which thou hast determined

terminated are now expired. Welcom
blessed hour, the period of my pil-
grimage, the term of my bondage, the
end of my cares, the close of my sighs,
the bound of my travels, the goal of
my race, and the haven of my hopes.
*I have fought a long fight in much
weakness; I have finished my course,*
though in great faintness; and the
crown of my joy is, that through the
strength of thy grace, *I have kept the
true faith*, and now I die in it. I wil-
lingly resign my Soul and Body into
thy hands. I will lay me down and
take my Rest: *I despise the World*, and
I defie the Devil, who hath no part
nor share in me. *And now, what is
my hope? My hope, Lord Jesus, is even
in thee. For I know that thou my Re-
deemer livest, and thou wilt immediate-
ly receive my soul, and raise up my
body also at the last day, and I shall see
thee in my flesh with these eyes and no
other. My heart fainteth, my strength
faileth, my tong faltereth: Lord let
thy Spirit of comfort help mine infir-
mities, and make supplication for me,
with sighs and groans that cannot be
expressed. I submit my self wholly to*
thy

thy will: *I commit my soul to thee as my faithful Redeemer who hast bought it with thy most pretious blood. I profess to all the world, I know no name under Heaven, by which I may be saved, but thine, my Jesus, my Saviour: tarry with me, O blessed Jesus! untill the evening of my age, and when the night of death approacheth I will not let thee go till thou hast blessed me: I renounce all confidence in any merits save thine: I thankfully acknowledge all thy blessings; I unfainedly bewail all my sins; I stedfastly believe all thy promises; I heartily forgive all mine enemies; I willingly leave all my friends; I utterly loath all earthly comforts; I intirely long for thy coming. When shall I come before thy presence; in thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand is pleasures for evermore.*

*Come Lord Jesus, Come quickly;
Lord Jesus receive my spirit.*

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The Postscript.

To as many as have need to read this Book, that is, to as many as have need to live, as those that know they must dye, and have need to dye, as those that know they must live for ever.

Here is one of those few Books that remained (by the good providence of God) of almost an hundred thousand poundsworth of Books, lost in the late dismal Fire in the City of London to the Company of Stationers in general, and of some hundreds lost to this Stationer, the publisher of this good Book *R. Thrale* in particular; and its very remarkable that the first Book that should be published after the dissolution (as I may say) of this antient and renowned City, should be this excellent preparative and warning to provide for the dissolution of our selves. Many a Book hath been printed to follow this great City in its height and glory, as the Boy did that great person in the midst of his applause and triumphs with a Memento, *Te este perituram*, (for *B. Land* in his Speech, *Dr. Hewit* in conference with *B. Wild*, *Dr. Gouge* in his Sermon of *Providence*, *Mr. Shute* in his Sermon of *Pride*, *Dr. Holdsworth* in his Sermons of *Rebellion*,

The Postscript.

bellion, Mr. Stoke and Mr. Udal in the Course of their Ministry, Dr. Staughton and Dr. Taylor on the fift of November, Dr. Westfield on Lot's Wife, Mr. Gataker in a Sermon of *Luxury*, Bishop Reynolds in *Sions praises*, and many more in discourse, either preached or printed, warned the City of London many years ago, of a Destruction by Fire) and you see the City in ashes; this Book comes now to follow each man in the midst of his Jollity and Pleasure with a Memento, *Te este mortuum*, and that he shall shortly see himself *Dust*: pressing that of St. Peter, 3. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15. upon this sad, but sutable occasion. *But the day of the Lord shall come as a thief in the night; in the which the Heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the Elements shall melt with fervent heat; the Earth also, and the works that are therein shall be burnt up. Seeing that all things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for, and hastning unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the Heavens being entire, shall be dissolved; and the Elements shall melt with fervent heat? Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new Heavens and a new Earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Wherefore beloved, seeing ye look for such things, be diligent*

The Postscript.

diligent that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot and blameless: and account that the long suffering of our Lord is Salvation.

He is greedy of life that would desire to live, saith Seneca, when the world is perishing; and he very forgetful of death that thinks not of dying when he seeth all things destroyed about him: 86 Churches, above 50 Halls, Colleges, Hospital, Conduits, Prisons, Schools, and other publick places, near upon 100000 Houses, the antient Cathedral of St. Paul, the famous Building of the Royal Exchange; all laid in those ashes, in which the whole world shall be one day involved: after the destruction of Jerusalem by Fire, (when 30000 Houses and Buildings were destroyed, and 1100000 Inhabitants (all the Jews being there at that time at the Pasover,) such Jews as escaped, when they met one another would say, Farewell, prepare to be gathered to your Fathers, for who must think to live, when Jerusalem is ruined? The Englishmen that survive this great calamity should say to one another, Farewell, farewell, Let us prepare to die, for the end of all things is at hand: For this is certain the time is short. It remaineth, That they that weep, should be as though they wept not; they that rejoyce, as though

The Postscript.

though they rejoyced not; and they that buy, as though they bought not; and they that use this world, as not abusing it; for the fashion of this world passeth away.

The *Sybil* brought the great *Roman* nine Books, and offered them at a Price, and when he refused them, she burnt three, and brought the rest at the same rate, which being refused, she burnt three more, and brought the remaining three at the same rate that she had offered at first the nine; which passage being a little admired and considered, the great *Roman* was advised to take the remaining Books at the Price. Many excellent Books have been exposed to sale and neglected; now they are almost all burnt, we must be contented to bestow that time and money upon this and the other few good Books that escaped the Flame, that we might have bestowed upon many more, and blessed be God that we have any left, and that we have time and opportunity to make use of them.

Manna, they say, had a tast suitable to every ones Pallate; this serious and good Book that hath done so much good in the World, and hath saved many a soul by the blessing of God upon it, hath a rellish suitable to every condition: *Art' young?* it speaks to thee, *the youngest may dye, the oldest must,*
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The Postscript,

*What thou art the dead have been, and what they are thou shalt be: there be Skulls of all sizes in Golgotha, Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth: Art old? it teacheth thee how to dye daily, that when thou comest to dye, thou mayest have nothing to do but to dye: art rich? it will warn thee to lay up treasure in Heaven, and to be rich towards God, laying a good foundation against the time to come, shewing thee thy grave where the rich and poor dust are undistinguished: art poor? It teacheth thee the place where the poor and weary are at rest, rich in faith, death putting a period to want and life together, no more begging, no more reproach, no more cries of starved families and relations, being with Lazarus in rich Abraham's bosom: art afflicted? Here's that sheweth thee when all tears shall be wiped from thine eyes: Art prosperous and high? It bids thee remember Saladine's Shirt and that it was all the great Emperour of the East carried with him to his Grave: Art alone? With this companion thou mayest say with Scipio, *I am never less alone than when alone: Art in company?* It will admonish thee of the great separation between thee and all companions: *Art Master of a Family?* It will teach thee and thine how to live well, by instructing thee and thine how to die well:*

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The Postscript.

Art in Place of Authority and Trust? It will every day pul thee by the sleeve and make thee mindfull of the time when thou must give an account of thy Stewardship, and with Dr. Bancroft, Bilhop of Oxford, it will mind thee of the time when thou must give an account to God of that trust which thou wert to exercise before men: *Art thou troubled in Spirit?* This Book prepares thee for the minute when all doubts like clouds before the Sun shall vanish away before the light of Gods countenance, and God shall answer all doubts himself: *Art Jovial?* Here that follows thee with a Rejoyce, but with trembling, otherwise thou shalt lie down in sorrow: *Art a man that hast done great things in the World?* Here thou art instructed in the greatest work (that is to be done but once, and therefore to be thought on twice) which is to dye: *Do'st mispend time?* Thou art told here how every minute should be employed for eternity, and taught how to number thy days, and to apply thy heart to wisdom: *Art a Minister?* This is the sum of what thou mayest recommend to thy people, to whom giving this little book, thou mayest say as Mr. Shute of Lumbard-street did, when on his death-bed, *I have shewed you hitherto how to Live, I am to shew you now how to Dye.*

The Postscript,

In a word, a good Man and a good Book, are
a common good. *It is appointed for all men*
to dye, it is fit that all men should by such
books as this is, learn how to dye; a book so
cheap, the poorest may buy, and so useful that
the greatest may profit as much in reading it
as the great Authour did in writing of it.

F I N I S.



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